I. II JANUARY, 1922 No. 4

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

FORT PRINCE OF WALES 1734

Greetings from London

THE Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company send to each and all of the staff its best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. The ever-fresh recollection of the kind and splendid welcome you gave me in 1920 adds a special heartiness to my hope that your Christmas may be joyful and your New Year full of happiness and prosperity.

For the Committee

KINDERSLEY

Governor

CHRISTMAS EVE

1 9 2 1

WOMEN OF H.B.C.

Good Influence of Noble Wives of Company's Officers Exercised Among Natives of Mackenzie Basin During 1850-1875 Is Noticeable Today

By WILLIAM CORNWALLIS KING
Chief Trader (Retired)

MUCH has been told and written of the men who held the North for H. B. C. in early days, but of the many brave and noble women who were their helpmates in the sub-arctic, little has been said.

In the far North West between 1850 and 1875 were more than two-score women who were wives and able helpers of the men of the Company's fur trade service. Intelligent, God-fearing women they were, too, sharers of the factors' exile from civilization.

Many of them reared large families of healthy, beautiful children who in their maturity served H. B. C., having received their education almost exclusively from their mothers.

It has been truly said that good example is more effective than precept and produces better results than long and prosy sermons. Certain it is that in the northland the value of the example set by these good women cannot be measured in dollars or by the madebeaver tariff.

I have oftentimes seen the signs of their good influence among the natives of the North, as I was a resident employee of H. B. C. in the Athabasca-MacKenzie district from 1863 to 1885.

The lasting effects of their teaching and civilizing influence may be seen today at almost any fort or Indian settlement in that vast fur country. For example, one notes it in the regard had by native women for the observance of the Sabbath; in their non-savage conceptions of morality and general family life; by their industry and cleanliness of the home, and of the person; and in their understanding of cookery and laundering.

From whom else than these noble wives of H. B. C. men could the native women of the MacKenzie have acquired their arts and accomplishments, such as crocheting, knitting, drawing and performance with musical instruments?

And moreover, even during my earliest days in the Athabasca region, I could not but admire the way in which the women of H. B. C. educated and inspired the natives of their communities, not alone in letters and housewifely arts, but in reverence and loyalty for the Great Company, the rising young Canada and our dear Queen Victoria.

Archdeacon Hunter, one of the first missionaries visiting the north in 1860, wishing to sound the depth to which the northern aborigine had imbibed the Christian religion, asked a group of Indian children to recite the Lord's prayer. They began by intoning in unison, "God Save the Queen". Hurriedly, the Archbishop passed on to another question. "My dears," he said, "can you tell me who was the first *man?*" "*Kitchehoogamous*" (Sir George Simpson), they shouted. "Well, who was the mother of us all?" "*Kitchhoogamous, Is-que-wyo,* the big master's wife" (the Queen).

In the earlier times there were no physicians in the north. True, a Dr. King was in the MacKenzie in 1840 with the Franklin expedition; Dr. Rae, an H. B. C. explorer and traveller; and Dr. William McKay (1870-1890), a factor of the Company whose duties were largely confined to fur trading. Frequently ordinary essentials were painfully scarce and luxuries almost unknown. But there was no grumbling from those brave women. They accepted their lot as the ordinary life to be expected in the fur trade.

Among the women of H. B. C. who spent all or a large part of their lives in the northland, and the clear results of whose beneficient presence may be seen to this day, were:

Mrs. (Chief Factor) Anderson, MacKenzie river district, 1850-1870.

Mrs. (Chief Factor) Robert Campbell, of the Yukon and Athabasca district, mother of Mrs. John A. McDonald, 1850-1870.

Miss Sterling, of Scotland, Fort Pelly, 1850-1860.

Mrs. (Chief Factor) Wm. Lucas Hardisty, from British Columbia, and Mrs. (Chief Trader)

Maxwell (nee Douglas) MacKenzie river district, 1855-1870.

Mrs. (Chief Trader) Bernard Ross, daughter of Chief Factor Ross of Norway House—MacKenzie river district, 1860-1861.

Mrs. (Chief Factor) Roderick McFarlane, daughter of Chief Trader Alexander Christie—Athabasca and Portage la Loche, 1870-1891.

Mrs. (Chief Factor) Lawrence Clark, daughter of Chief Factor Peter Bell—MacKenzie river district and Fort a la Corne, 1859-1863.

Mrs. Andrew Flett, MacKenzie river district; a pure Louchieux Yukon native women who assisted Archdeacon R. McDonald to translate the New Testament into Louchieux, written in both syllabic characters and plain English; also various hymns and almanacs—1860-1875.

Mrs. (Archdeacon) Robt. McDonald—a pure Louchieux native of Peel river, Arctic circle, who also assisted in Bible and other translations into Louchieux—1865-1880.

LYNX

By C. H. FRENCH

A LYNX is as nearly like a large rabbit as is possible, but he moves around slowly, and while he is supposed to be of the cat variety, has nothing of the quick cat-like movements excepting when killing food. When hungry he will attempt to kill anything, no matter how large it may be. For instance, he can easily kill small deer, and has been known to kill large moose by springing on their backs and biting and tearing at the top part of the back until he gets deep enough in the flesh to reach the spinal cord.

The lynx is very easily killed himself with a shotgun or even a stick, and appears so stupid that he will go into a snare set in a brush fence, or will shove his head into a brush house made for the purpose, with a snare over the door, and nothing more than a common playing card placed inside to attract him. One hears the expression "an eye like a lynx," which is a falsity, because his eye does not appear to be any good at all.

The lynx does not drink like other animals, but dips the water up on his paw and sucks it from that, and unless very hungry will eat nothing unless killed by himself. Rabbits are his chief food, but he will eat any animal and has been known to kill a fox. He, however, eats nothing but flesh. Still his own flesh is white, and is not bad to eat, excepting that it is seldom fat.

Lynx always sleep up in a tree. They do not make dens, but have their young under the shelter of a big pine tree. They have from three to six kittens at a time, which if caught when young will become quite tame. Indians often keep young lynx with them in the bush until they are full grown before killing them. Spring pups are small skins in the fall, and by next spring are called medium, while the next fall they have become full grown.

As they depend on rabbits for their food, they of course die off periodically, just as does the rabbit. About every seven years a disease in the form of a white blister attacks rabbits. The blister is on each side of the backbone, and I believe this is one of the provisions of nature to balance things. When rabbits have increased every year for seven years they suddenly die out, and all animals depending on them for food are affected and do likewise.

I believe that blisters on rabbits are due to tapeworm, which is common to all animals. Eggs are taken up on food and develop in the body, the eggs being deposited by wolves or other animals. The larva from the worm makes its way into the tissues of the rabbit's body, where it forms watery pockets. The lynx eats the rabbit and the worm larva develops in him, then is deposited on the grass, when the rabbit again gets it, and so the circle goes round, and causes lynx, foxes, rabbits and wolves to almost totally disappear at different stages.

It will be seen from this that the flesh of infected animals should never be given to dogs without first being cooked. If you think your dogs have become infected, give them each thirty grains areca nut (if dogs average about twenty pounds).

Many years ago, when living in an Indian village, and getting up very early one Sunday morning I found a lynx crouched on a log about six feet above my head. Without looking at him I quietly got out of bed and over to an Indian's tent. I woke him, requesting that he come and shoot the animal as I had no gun. Much to my surprise the Indian did not take his gun, but in its place took a small hunting axe and a small dog. The dog barked, the lynx got startled and away he went. He did not go far before the dog overtook him, worrying him by nipping his legs so much that the Indian had no difficulty in walking up close enough to hit the lynx on the head with the axe.

ALBERTA INDIANS

Tribes That Traded at Fort Edmonton in the Early Days

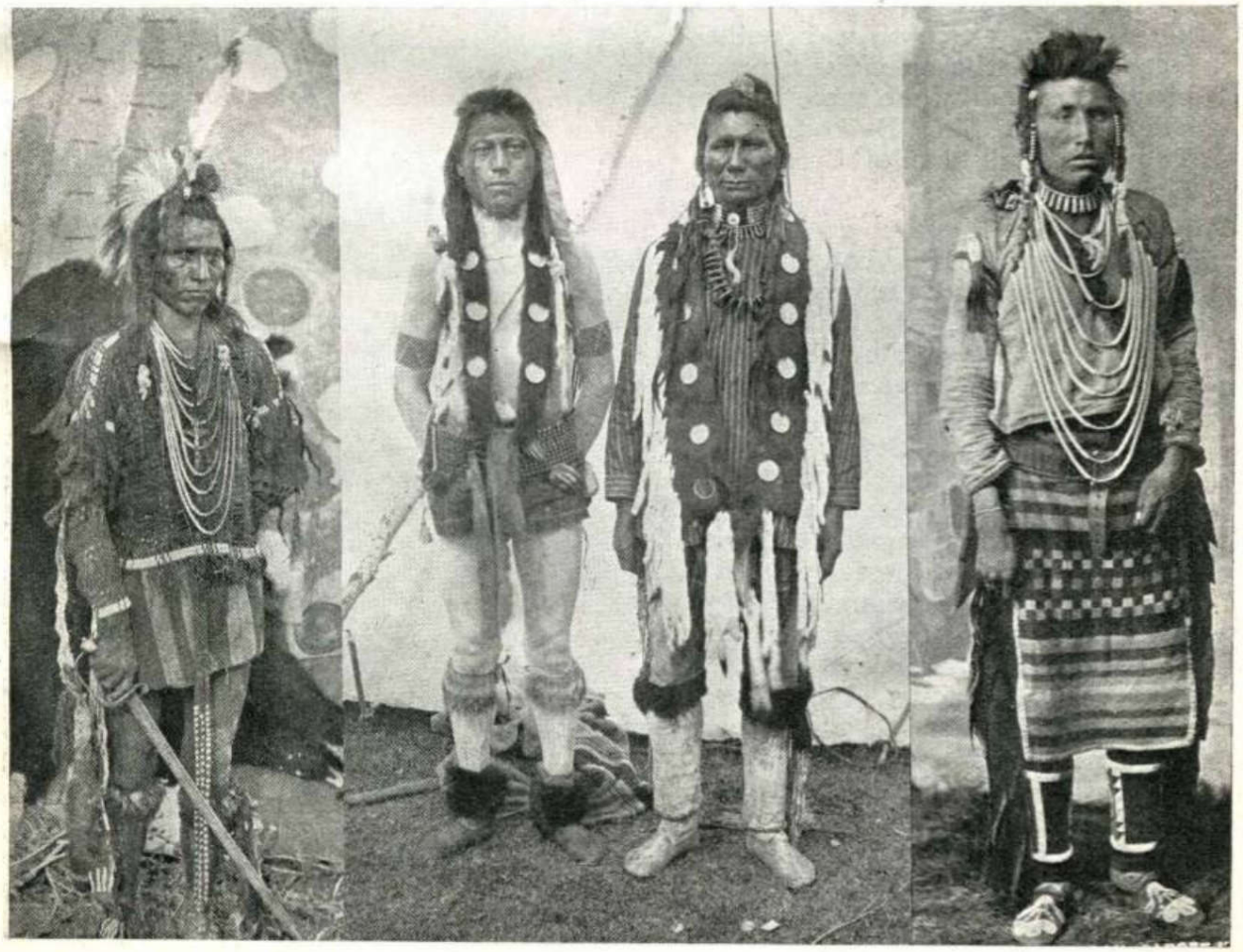
By J. PREST, *Associate Editor*

IT seems strange that the Indians of the prairies have altered but little from the days of the buffalo range to the present time. True, they are now quartered on reservations hundreds of square miles in extent and covering some of the best land in the prairie provinces. This also applies to the various tribes across the border, the Sioux, Cheyennes, Crows, Nez Perces, Utes, and other tribes in the western states of America, who retain their tribal customs and have changed but little since the advent of settlement during the past fifty years.

As for the Canadian Indians of the western provinces such as the Crees, Blackfeet, Stoneys, Bloods, Sarcees and Piegans, there is little or no change from their customs of a generation ago when these tribes annually traded at old Fort Edmonton. It is true that their mode of living is somewhat changed—the buffalo having long since gone, except on protected reserves, where they are multiplying greatly.

The western Indian of to-day is still a child, literally speaking, and assimilation is slow. The government has done wonders in educating and instructing the various tribes in farming and stock raising on their reserves, and this is their main source of livelihood to-day. At the same time their hunting instincts are still uppermost, and long trips are frequently taken in quest of game at certain seasons of the year.

The western Indian still *looks an Indian*. He wears his hair in long plaits and loves bedecking himself in paint, feathers and other finery whenever occasion arises. He is still primitive in spite of all civilizing influences around him.



Blackfoot *Stonies* *Sarcee*

However, the northern Indians—Chipewyans, Dog Ribs, Wood Crees and Slaveys—living in the wildernesses of the north and many hundreds of miles from civilization, have quickly adopted the standards of the white man. They dress in similar clothing, wear their hair short and appear but little different from their white brethren in this respect. Although their mode of living is primitive—consisting of hunting, fishing and trapping, and being solely dependent upon mother earth for their livelihood—they are more civilized to-day than the plains Indians who have lived for two or three generations in close contact with the civilizing influences of settlement.

The British Columbia Indian, like the northern Indian, is far more advanced and civilized than the plains Indian of Canada and the western states of America. Perhaps some of our readers can explain this peculiar circumstance, for there must be some reason for it.

Anyone who witnessed the Hudson's Bay Company's Pageant at Edmonton two years ago cannot forget the spectacular cavalcade of some 200 Indians in all their glory of war paint and feathers and the splendid type of the braves, headed by the three famous old chiefs, Ermine Skin, Bull and Sampson. They were full-blooded Crees from the Hobbema reserve, about fifty miles from Edmonton.

It is regrettable that other tribes could not have been represented on this historic occasion, for such tribes as the Blackfeet, Stoneys, Bloods, Piegans and Sarcees are still devoutly loyal to the Hudson's Bay Company, with whom their forefathers traded.

Here is an instance of the faith and confidence which these western Indians still place in the Company. During the Pageant I had an interview with Chief Ermine Skin, accompanied by his headman and an interpreter. The old chief was sorely troubled in the belief that their lands would be eventually taken from them to make way for settlement, and as he was an old man of ninety years of age he wanted to die fully convinced that his tribe would be allowed to remain forever on the lands set apart for them—as long as the sun shines and the grass grows.

Through his interpreter he informed me that his tribe look on the Hudson's Bay Company as their next best friends to the government—they trust H. B. C. now as in the past for a fair and square deal. It is needless to say the old chief's requests were duly forwarded to the Minister of Indian Affairs, together with a request to hold a "sun dance" on their reserve—temporarily forbidden by the Indian agent as demoralizing.

It is gratifying to know these requests were acceded to. The Indians held this old tribal custom in due course, and the old chief was assured that they should remain forever on the land set apart for them.

A New Year's Toast to Comrades in the Far North

By JOSEPH HODGSON

Here's wishing you all a most Happy New Year;
Underneath your smiles may there ne'er lurk a tear,
Despite all your hardships. Oh! never say die,
Serenely meet trouble with unflinching eye.
On every occasion, when duty's in view,
No shirking I know will be found amongst you
As long as the needle points true to the North.
By endurance in hardships, you'll each prove your worth
Although isolated, each far from his kind;
Yet harvesting wisdom, improving his mind,
"Contented with little" your motto, dear sirs,
On every occasion—when not handling furs.

Note—Mr. Hodgson spent forty-eight years with the Hudson's Bay Company's fur service in the far north, and is now retired.

HEAVY work clearing H. B. C. land on Vancouver Island which will be used for a golf course by Victoria residents next summer.

Diary of an H.B.C. Apprentice Clerk on a Voyage to Hudson Bay

By BRUTUS

June 26th, 1921— The H. B. Ss. *Nascopie,* unwitting servant of my sweet enterprise, bore me away from St. John's, Newfoundland, at 6.45. "Eight Bells" has long since gone and so the block house must remain for many moons no other than a tender memory.

The day has been very fine. We have made great headway—passed Miquelon some time ago. Took some snaps to keep the memory of me green and lend a spur to generations yet unborn to venture forth and emulate my hardihood.

The journey has been scarcely commenced, yet how often has my fancy brought me to its end—up there among *things* of which the Great Company itself has but one or two who know—away north—hundreds of leagues inside the Arctic circle! Well, if I never really reach the end of this trail, I'm proud to be on the road with my present intentions. Ah, there must be no thought of failure, for if I but reach the end of this journey then shall my family's coat of arms bear upon its escutcheon, E. & O. E.—"Furthest North."

June 27—Fine day, quite calm; averaging twelve knots. Passed Cape Ray, the southwesterly apex of the Terra Nova triangle, at 12.15 p.m. The boys played gramophone selections, such as "Old Home of Mine," "Till We Meet Again," etc., until they drove me to the deck with "Memories."

Bah ! I must be stern, hard, leather-faced, for am I not one of the Arctic brotherhood—at least prospectively? Anyway, there is ample time for funny feelings, for Montreal is still a port of call. Besides, I think the boys should be a little more discreet.

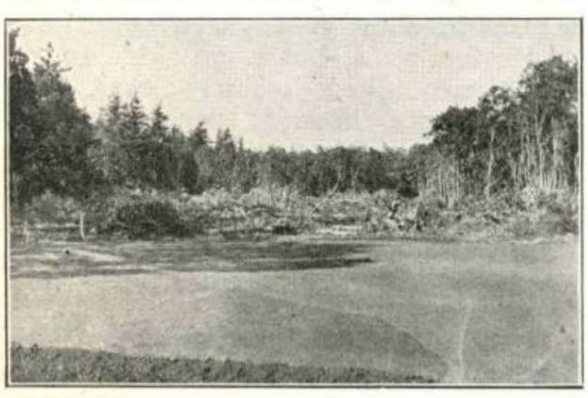
June 28—Rain was the prelude of warmth and sunshine today. From noon onwards, holding about one mile from the shore, we steamed along the Gaspe coast. Passed Cape Chatham at 4.15 p.m. and at eleven picked up the pilot off Father Point.

June 29—Throughout the day we have quietly fought the tide of St. Lawrence, and there has been nothing to note save the things that occur in the ordinary voyage up the river.

June 30 to July 8—We reached Montreal at 3.45 a.m., on the thirtieth, and thereupon I determined to avert the tedium of chronicling the obvious conduct of one who soon would use this spot to jump off from civilized society, and, with but one event to disturb the even tenor of my way, nothing but the commonplace transpired. The life of the bell boy at a Montreal hotel is very full. I have no censure. I but speak of my constant desire for well-pressed trousers, a certain commission, its tardy fulfilment, an awkward imprisonment, the direct consequence of a scant wardrobe, and the inadvertency of the gentlemen above referred to. However, tomorrow I return to matters of which the world would be apprised.

July 9—Left Montreal at 10 a.m. with a miscellaneous ship's company and cargo, bound for the north and the luring unknown. If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now, brother apprentices! As far as I am concerned, the city is well lost to me, and this is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done (for the civilized world), and so I go amongst the untamed—*Pro Pelle Cutem.*

July 10—Rev. Stewart, missionary to the north, conducted services. Captain Mack, of the H. B. C. transport service, broad of shoulder, of keen wit and jovial repartee, joined us at Father Point. We are told that he will help us to preserve our good spirits during the



THIRTEENTH green on Victoria, B.C., golf course being completed on H. B. C. land. At first it was like the scene at the left.

voyage. I am always pleased to meet the man who uses his own spirits in preserving others'.

July 12 — Left Father Point at 1.30 a.m. The day has been cool and foggy and we are amongst very heavy ice. We've been passing through the Straits of Belle Isle since 4 p.m. The Labrador coast is close. Cape Norman light faded from our vista at 8.45 p.m. As I write, the ship butts her way through the icefloes quite merrily. For this work indeed was she fashioned.

July 13—Still in the floes. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner has nothing on us.

July 14—Arrived at the port of Grady 5.15 p.m. Picked up Ralph Parsons, manager of our district, who (so the boys tell me) would have the honourable gentlemen trading into Hudson's Bay go into Baffin, and so, in their name, provided grub stakes and blankets for those whom he took further north to find new hunting grounds for the Company. Some twenty posts, all the way from Wolstenholme to Pond's inlet, stand witnessing to the veracity of my brethren in pilgrimage.

We left Grady at 8 p.m., bound for the first post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the *Nascopie's* route—Port Burwell.

July 15—We have made fair progress during the day, in spite of the heavy floes that still beset us.

July 16—Averaged no more than five knots throughout the day, for Arctic ice is of a very hampering disposition.

July 17—The floes are loosening. We passed Cape Mugford at 10 p.m.

July 18—Entered Gray Straits at 11 a. m., to encounter more thickly packed ice than any we had hitherto met. At 7 p. m. we were held fast in the jam.

Photographed the apprentices while they stood on the ice that nipped our ship. Their experience had not hitherto comprehended the nature of the Arctic or the Arctic floes. I thought they looked a shaky lot. Silence, however, is very golden at times, and sympathy is a jewel. I remembered that the drunk who testifies to the unstability of the lamp-post is often the butt for the rebound of his accusation. Still, I'll covertly remark that, fashioned in northern lands as I am, I did not feel that I had yet completely lost my element.

July 19—Jammed up to 4.30 p. m., at which hour, the ice having loosened, we recommenced threading our way by lakes and swotches through the pack. 'Tis cold. At 9.30 p. m., owing to very dense fog, we called a halt. Button Islands are now abeam.

July 20—Took to the trail again through heavy ice. Clear water showed at 7 a. m. We were off Port Burwell at 8 p. m., but, owing to strong current, we drifted, against our wishes, seventeen miles.

July 21—Arrived at Port Burwell at 5 a. m. 'Tis foggy and raining. Here we took on board Constable Butler, who was going "outside" because of frozen feet. He had been out in a blizzard for thirty-six hours with no grub. The man he had with him as a guide was frozen to death. When the poor beggar was discovered after the blizzard he was in a sitting position with his hands over his eyes, waiting I suppose for the storm to clear; but he could not wait so long and so went out into the fairer day.

Braving rigors of which this tiny narrative is suggestive comes merely within the scope of the employment of the men of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Far North Trail.

July 22—Left Burwell at 5 a.m. There was a great quantity of ice around at the time and at 10 a. m. we had steamed into water quite rid of ice, and clear as far as the eye could see. We have had a chill wind blowing the whole day.

July 23—Mr. Parsons, accompanied by Messrs. Melton, Livingstone, Aitken and Eskimo Jimmie, left the *Nascopie* off Big Island, and by whale boat sailed to Lake Harbour, a heavy sea running the while.

Dr. Browne, of the *Nascopie,* shot and killed a bear at 6.50 p. m.

July 24—Expect to arrive at Wolstenholme shortly. Sighted polar bear and a few seals, but was unable to get near them. The ice is fairly close today. The fog has been so dense that we have been unable to see the land since 7 p. m. As we are very close to Wolstenholme, under present weather conditions the captain has decided to use nothing short of daylight to get into Wolstenholme.

July 25 to 29—We arrived at Wolstenholme at 6.30 a. m. on the twenty-fifth, and here I await the coming of the Ss. *Baychimo* (which ship does the more northern part of the transportation

for the Hudson's Bay Company), the *Nascopie* having sailed at 1 p. m. for Fort Churchill. I have looked over the post here and have found nothing that should worry the Company.

This is some breezy corner, I have been told, and during the five days I have spent here have seen no cause to doubt my informant that it is either raining, snowing, blowing, freezing or fogging at Wolstenholme the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Since I located here I have not seen the sun, and it's either doing one of the five things mentioned above—or doing the whole five of them together.

L'Envoi

Of the trip from Wolstenholme to the most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts I have made some jottings but, that this section of our itinerary should be the better chronicled and that matters may be given their proper place according to their true significance and importance, an abler and more experienced man will take up the burden of my tale.

(To be continued)

Autobiography of a Canoe

By KENNIN HAMILTON

MY first remembrance of life was when, as a young cedar tree, I slowly emerged from the soil and spread my small and tender branches around about over the surrounding moss. Glaring down at me were all the superiors of my race. Great cedars that had, years before, undergone the same process through which I had just passed.

Then followed years that, to a human, would seem extremely lonely, dull and uneventful. I was growing, however, and the knowledge was pleasing. There I stood, vain in the realization that my splendid branches were unequaled, until I grew to a mature age.

Then came a sad day and with it the cruel axe. I was mercilessly hewn down and carted away. As I lay upon the cruel man's sleigh I wept tears of deepest sorrow and sap. I had grown, green and beautiful, admired secretly by numerous maples which grew about me, only to be at last chopped down without my inclinations being consulted.

Often, even now, I look back upon those happy childhood days when I was a care-free little cedar growing happily among my fellows.

I remember that as I lay helplessly upon the sleigh and listened dispassionately to the driver's urgings to his beasts, I had felt a truant thrill of excitement. Inopportune as the moment had been, I had felt it. I was going to see the world! Helpless in my inanimate life, I had not been able to move. But now a mortal was taking me into the precincts of human and animal life, far superior to any I had, at odd times, been able to witness. I had never felt any ambition to see beyond the narrow limits of my home before this. But now that the opportunity presented itself I found I was very keen to behold the wonders of the outer world.

I need not relate the excitement that followed. I only know that in the course of time I had passed through myriad operations that left me, so the humans said, "a neat pile o' boards." At the time, I remember, I underwent many mental discomforts for fear that the different parts of my body might be separated never to meet again. However, my fears were groundless.

Neither need I relate the events that led up to my being built into a glorious cedar-strip canoe. As the final coating of varnish—which was transparent and not as beautiful as my original cloak of bark—was being administered, I regained some of my old pride. The man who was bedecking me so, I must confess, becomingly, was very kind and thoughtful. His name, which I learned through workshop gossip, was Jack Twist. Jack Twist, as a last garment, put a beautiful Indian-head seal upon my prow. On straining my eyes I discovered that I was a Lakefield canoe.

One day as I lay resplendent in my completion, I overheard a conversation in the near office. Eavesdropping is not one of my virtues, but what can a stationary being do?

"Yes," said one of the humans, "I want that cedar canoe. I am going west soon and I wish to take it along with me."

"Very well," said another of those mysterious noises by which humans portray their thoughts in sound, "it will be packed immediately."

With a pang of regret I realized I was sold. Kind Jack Twist would never sing to me again as he daubed numberless other canoes not as handsome as I with paint, varnish and Indian heads.

Then I was robed in a gorgeous garment of sackcloth to be shipped away. It was sewn tightly about me and I strained my eyes very badly peeking out from the folds to read the label and see where I was to go. On reading it I was none the wiser as to my destination. The label read: "John Smith, Norway House, via Winnipeg and Selkirk, Man."

I had not much time to reflect on the disaster, for before I was able to gather my faculties into some semblance of order I was hoisted on strong shoulders and taken to the train. For the benefit of inexperienced canoes which might peruse this biography I will explain what a train is. It is a long and monstrous elm tree exquisitely carved to resemble a row of human habitations of the house species. This drawn over two endless lines of some kind of wood, which is extremely hard and durable, by a snorting monster called an engine. It was this manner of conveyance which carried me to Winnipeg. The trip was dusty and noisy and quite unsuitable to one of my upbringing. I bore it bravely, however, and arrived with a bold front and somewhat bedraggled in appearance.

From thence I travelled to Selkirk and took a conveyance which travels on water. This part of the journey was more pleasant, but I looked forward, nevertheless, to arriving at Norway House, my future home and current home of my new owner and master, John Smith.

II

After a dreamy and delightful voyage across Lake Winnipeg we landed at a place which I supposed was Norway House. I was clumsily carried out and cast upon the wharf. I was disappointed, I must confess, with my surroundings. An odour of fish prevailed over the atmosphere and such a bedraggled settlement never was seen.

But my conjectures were astray. Before long I was hoisted aboard a tug and stored away for the last lap of my eventful journey. On the boat I was peered at by a tough-looking little Indian boy. I longed to chide him, but, as you know, I am not gifted with speech. I forgave him, however, as his gawkings were altogether complimentary.

I need not pen the happenings of the concluding part of that journey. I only know that as Norway House came into view I was very pleased at the prospect of spending the remainder of my yet young days in the vicinity of the fort. It was built on a sort of point and its white buildings scintillating in the sun were a happy sight to a home-wanting canoe like me.

On leaving the boat this time I was handled with the utmost care, for John Smith, my new master, was there to gruffly command the men to be careful with me.

I lay on Norway House's ample wharf for two days, and during this time I saw nothing of my owner. I amused myself while there by listening to any conversation that came within my scope. I here set down some of what I heard.

"Well," said a voice one day, "where have you been, Bill?"

"Up to the garden to see the sundial," was the answer.

"Built by Sir John Franklin, I believe?"

"Yes—quite a valuable curiosity. I took a picture of it."

I could not understand nor comprehend the meaning of this conversation. Why should men revere the work of other men? Everything is put into this world to do or to be something and of course does it. The meanest cedar tree cannot help being insignificant nor can the greatest elm help being distinguished. Our fates are judged beforehand and we cannot refrain from being either great or small.

My fate was to undergo a change, and arrive at Norway House in the role of a canoe. I did not complain and fell into the weaving of life quite placidly.

After two days had sped by, John Smith came to claim me as his property. I was put into a comfortable storehouse until the time I was needed arrived, which was not long.

One morning my master came in and appraised me with a proud eye. I returned his gaze with a similar expression. Then two Indians came and

carried me to the beach where I was loaded with the necessities of a trip.

When we finally floated out into the stream I was well down in the water. John Smith, sitting in the stern with his beloved paddle, of which I was very jealous, made the following remark:

"She's a beauty!"

I took this compliment to myself and glared wickedly at the paddle.

So began the fated trip from which I was never to return.

III

Then followed long days of hardship. Sometimes it stormed, sometimes it was calm. Weary portages defaced my coating and long days in the water forced my seams together till I thought the pain would kill me.

John Smith was always kind and thoughtful and I was saved many a time from submerged rocks by a quick twist of his wrist. Often we met noisy rapids that forced us to make a tiresome detour. Rapids are my worst enemy and I have an unspeakable fear of them. Their great rocky teeth hungrily standing out of the swirling waters sent shivers all up and down my keel whenever we met. John Smith seemed to understand my feelings and so never steered me through any of these monsters of nature.

A week passed and I became strong and brawny in the ways of the wild. I even lost some of my old fear of the rapids; but always eyed them asquint.

Then came the tragedy. One afternoon we rounded a point and came into view of a great and monstrous, swirling rapid. I hung back in fear but the cheeky paddle forced me forward.

"I think I'll stop and fish here," my master said, and proceeded immediately to tie me to a willow that spread out over the swift-running water. The Indians, discovering an excuse for rest, immediately landed and fell asleep.

My master fished silently for some time, then to my dismay fell asleep. I dubiously looked at the rope holding me to the shore. To my horror I perceived that I was slowly slipping off the supple willow. Doom was inevitable unless my master awoke. I banged myself painfully against an underwater boulder in an effort to awake him, but it was useless. After a hard week he was played out and naturally was difficult to awaken when once asleep. I remember that at the time, exciting as it was, wondering why humans sleep and waste long, glorious hours in such an uninteresting pastime.

Then the painter gave! I felt myself being drawn along by the strong current to the jagged teeth ahead. As we neared the violent waters my master awoke. The fear I had portrayed was reflected on his face. It was too late to avert the rapids, and Death had already sent in his calling card. My master grasped the paddle and began to fight. Remembering my reputation, I threw off my fear and decided to do my utmost, although it would be useless.

I could not if I would pen the journey down those rapids. Hurled against mighty boulders I fell apart like matchwood. My master had disappeared as soon as we had struck the worst part, and dazed and pained as I was I wondered vaguely where he was. Then I lost consciousness.

On opening my eyes the first figure that I saw was that of my master. He lay dripping and wet a few feet away from my remains.

"He will soon recover," said one of the Indians. (I had mastered the Cree language as well as the white man's.)

On hearing this glad news I looked about to see what was left of me. My prow was battered beyond recognition, but the Indian-head seal, the pride of my heart, was still intact. I gave a sigh of relief—which dislodged a tattered seat—as I discovered that all my body was there.

After my master had come to he surveyed me sadly.

"Poor old fellow," he said, tenderly fingering a bare rib. Then I knew that I was beyond repair and my heart was sad.

When my master and the Indians moved on the next day, I was left a battered mass on the shore. I watched their canoes out of sight, then fell bitterly a-weeping. Here I was, a poor canoe, destined by Fate to spend my days, for ever and for ever, upon the brink of the river and in the shadow of the rapids. I sincerely hope that no other canoe may ever be so unhappily situated.

The Church in the Far North, 1892

Archdeacon Winter, after Overland Journey to Winnipeg, Told of the Christian Indians at York Factory

ARCHDEACON Winter, of York Factory, told of his long and tedious journey to Winnipeg from York Factory in the fall of 1892, which took up no less than seven weeks' actual travelling from York to Selkirk, as rests were taken at Oxford and Norway House.

The party, which consisted of the Archdeacon and family, a maid, an Indian child and Indians, left York Factory in only a half-sized boat, and it took them sixteen days to make Oxford House, where they got a full-sized York Factory boat. The journey from Oxford to Norway House took them eight days and then thirteen days on Lake Winnipeg, combating head winds and delayed by calms, to Selkirk—nearly forty days in an open boat—truly a phenomenal journey in those days. The Archdeacon roughly estimated the journey to have been 700 miles. Mr. Winter first went to York Factory in '79, by the Hudson's Straits, and in '86 took a holiday to the old country by the same route in a 300-ton H. B. C. boat; so this was his first visit to Winnipeg. The Archdeacon had much of interest to say of his work and the country.

"What is the size of your parish?" he was asked.

"Well, I once reckoned out that it was about the size of Great Britain."

"What is your white population?"

"Seventeen souls, all told—men, women and children. The Indians in the neighbourhood number 480."

"And have you many converts?"

"I am glad to say there is not a heathen or pagan amongst them. Scores and scores have been baptized during the last few years. Many Indians who occasionally come up to Trout lake are thinking of settling near in order to take advantage of the teaching."

"You have a pretty long winter?"

"Yes, a winter of eight months, and I have seen frost every month in the year. I have seen the river freeze up as early as the 15th of October, but as a rule it does not do so till the middle of November; it generally opens at the end of May; this year it opened at the beginning of June; I have seen it not break up till the 15th. There is necessarily very little vegetation. We make frantic endeavors to raise potatoes and a few vegetables, but the potatoes contain chiefly water. I have managed to grow beets as big as a match, but never the size of my little finger."

"And how often do you get communications from the outside world?"

"There are three certain mails a year, sometimes a fourth, and even a fifth, by chance. We get our supplies once a year, but live chiefly by the rod and gun. The Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company's servants always kept my household well supplied, and for the last six years I have not had to hunt to fill my own pot.

"The red man, I believe, is a genuine socialist. I have always found him ready to share and share alike, and if he has his ration of pork and there is anyone in the tent without any, he will share up. Of course there are exceptions, but as a rule they are generous people."

One of the most interesting things of which the Archdeacon told was that *la grippe* penetrated to that distant port, and laid the whole population low. "If other germs of civilization would be equally generous, life in the far north would not be so monotonous or tame."

F. T. C. O. News

MESSRS. J. J. BARKER, district manager for Saskatchewan; C. C. Sinclair, district manager for Athabasca-Mackenzie, and Captain Freakley, of the Bay transport, were in Winnipeg during the first days of December. All have now returned to their respective posts.

C.T.Christie, formerly employed in the Mackenzie River district, was last month transferred to Winnipeg and is attached to the Keewatin district office.

The fur trade Commissioner returned to Winnipeg, December 18th, after a three weeks' trip to the coast on Company's business.

W. M. Conn spent the holiday season visiting his mother and brother at Le Pas post.

Efficiency

By SHEM

Efficiency—The cause, the truths, the laws of power of producing the effect intended."

I. HIGH IDEALS

WE decided to go on this journey together and are at the starting point. We are servants of an unique organization whose one aim and view, so far as any organization with the breadth and depth and height and weight of operations, of interests, and of distinguished personnel in history and in the present, can be said to have a simple aim, is the *securing of permanent, progressively profitable patronage*.

To be in such a Company is in itself no small thing. One comes to it and finds *ideals* ready to hand. There is the inspiration of the best that the lofty minds of men whose names are recorded in history were capable of and who we know were, while human and fallible, worthy of esteem and honour in that they so often triumphed over those very human fallibilities.

The *effect* these men intended is what you and I are after too. We can view our individual operations within the Company as aiming to secure *patronage*. You may not be selling goods, nor may I, but all of us are *selling service*. We exchange so many hours of our work, whatever it may be, for so much pay and it is necessary that we obtain it regularly and permanently if we are to survive and prosper.

My work may be sewing price tags on merchandise which you have bought, or I may be writing the cheque to pay for it or you may be telling me to buy or not to buy.

All of us are selling *service*. We are associated because of a common aim. Your chief serves you in that he directs your operations and serves the Company in that your work so directed serves it; you serve your chief in that you operate as directed and serve the Company by directed operation.

That such a spirit of service can be a *cause* in the widest sense as well as tributary to a purpose already well developed is illustrated by the establishment in our own times of a society of business men which in a few years has accomplished wonders in raising the tone of commercial and civic operations the whole world over.

A. F. Sheldon, in his address delivered at the Rotarian convention, Edinburgh, Scotland, June 14th, 1921, said, speaking of the philosophy of Rotary: "A principle is a natural law which is to other related natural laws what the ocean is to tributary waters; at once their source and the reservoir to which they finally return and the concept, "service" is exactly that in its relationship to other natural laws. It is therefore properly referred to as the Principle of Service."

Idealistic, you will say. Accepted. It is! What was it that prompted the honourable Scottish Knight, Sir James Douglas, in the 13th century to journey towands Palestine with the Bruce's heart which he reverently carried for the sepulchre? It was an *ideal*—an ideal which only the loss of his own life prevented him from achieving.

As then, so now, ideals are ever the cause of all power of producing the *effect intended* and the ideal of service is that wonderful, aristocratic, chivalrous thing which will make the whole world new. High ideals are the very bedrock of all effort and the cause and the source of true efficiency from high ideals comes power to produce the effect intended.

(To be continued)

MOOSE-HUNTING in Manitoba. (L. to R.) Clifton Thomas, publicity department, Winnipeg; W. O. Galloway, of Canton, Ohio, and guide. No moose were sighted, but deer plentiful. Mr. Galloway was the only one to get in a fatal shot and brought down his buck a-running.

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The Beaver

"A Journal of Progress"

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Vol. II JANUARY, 1922 No. 4

At the New Year

THE Old Year has faded backstage. The spotlight falls on that young stripling, 1922, which like every other youngster is of most engaging interest because of the potentialities it may contain.

Nineteen twenty-one had its "rocky spots"—price deflation; wage reduction; taxes, turmoil, and far-off famine. This New Year inherits a modicum of each but there are evidences of Better Days. The world is turning the corner.

To the farmer who has had an unsatisfactory season there is always hope in seeing what *one more crop will bring*. One's personal harvest for 1922 is a subject fit for wholesome speculation. It may take the form not only of grain or produce. For you it can mean greater satisfaction—a new or better home—more good friends, or health or happiness; greater knowledge; more peace and accord and understanding.

Nineteen twenty-two will in all probability disappoint pessimists.

The Art of Living

TOO many people are willing to measure the greatness of their country by its mechanical advancement, by the number of its automobiles or the power and speed of its locomotives. This is a misleading gauge of progress. The genuine measure of development is not the amount of material wealth a community has accumulated but the use people make of the material they have available.

Pursuit of mechanical power has been so intense in the past century that men have to a great extent lost the art of living.

For example, take any human being from his pigeonhole or his groove in the gigantic industrial machine of modern times. Examine him for those personal accomplishments that once characterized the most lowly plowman or blacksmith of England.

What has become of that natural grace and easy manner which marked the men of a simpler age? It is because we have ceased to cultivate the art of living that we have partly lost the joy, the good feeling, chivalry and camaraderie that once entered into human association. In the chase for wealth, excitement and ease, we have lost the power to enjoy ourselves wholesomely. We prefer to *buy* amusement rather than amuse ourselves.

Folk dances and folk music are going by the board. How seldom in these days do we find social gatherings in the average home where each guest in turn is expected to do his bit of entertainment—and able to carry it off gracefully?

The true meaning of recreation is *re-creation* and it is impossible to live properly unless one can *play*—unless one can do something worth while in addition to the daily duties of the office, shop or factory.

Civic Pride

WINNIPEG is selling "Bonds of Civic Pride" to itself this month in support of the West's first winter carnival, which will be held in the spacious Manitoba parliament building grounds early in February.

The exhibition appears unique among civic "boosting" campaigns in that the

private promoter will have no place in it; none will be asked to "donate," "contribute" or "subscribe," and the carnival will make its start with funds provided by advance sales of seats. No money will be expended until actually in the bank. The commonly experienced "deficit" cannot occur.

The force of the idea of "civic pride" is being demonstrated in the success of the drive now on in Winnipeg. It is evident that the city has pride in its own powers. Western spirit will justify its good name.

Red Tape

FOR two decades the entanglement of "red tape" has been wrapping itself more and more tightly around business. Everywhere in commerce the ry has been for "more system." The upward swing of this cycle has brought its crop of "efficiency men" and "business engineers," a profession new to the world and peculiar to this century of great business organizations.

Now, does it not seem that the cycle is nearly at the point whence movement will be in another direction? Red tape and system, when piled on too thickly, overbalance themselves and cause a reaction.

Red tape carried too far becomes a disease. When to effect the smallest transaction or to have an interview with an official of a large firm, or to find a letter in a new-fangled file, the unravelling of red tape is necessary, the thing falls back on itself.

There is an old story of the attempt by Sir John Phillimore, the British sailor, to thwart the departmental rules of red tape variety. Before the days of steel ships the allowance of paint in the Royal Navy was pitifully small. Commanders have been known to pay large sums out of their own pockets in order to keep their ships in presentable condition.

Sir John painted one side of his yellow frigate with stripes of black and white and used the rest of his black paint for a sign in large letters on the other side, "No More Paint."

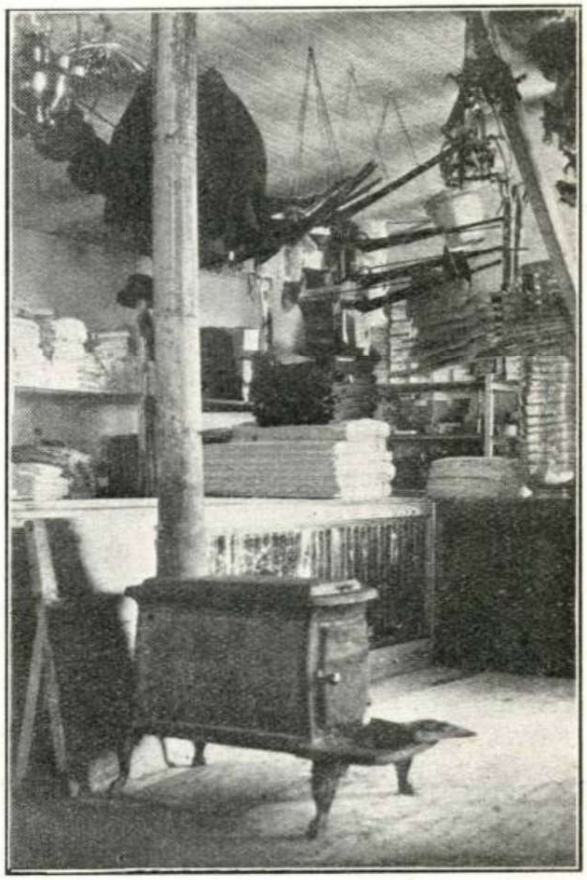
The navy board wrote indignantly, and Sir John replied that he could not obliterate the objectionable legend unless he were given more paint. And eventually he received enough paint to gve his frigate a brand new coat.

A business firm, even though of great size, must have a *personality* if it may count on continued success. Expansion stops where too much cold "system" crowds out the warm, red-blooded human relation between the employer and his employee and the firm and their customers.

We Attend Our First Wholesale Frolic

ONE of the really joyful occasions of the holiday season at Winnipeg was the celebration staged by H.B.C. wholesale-depot at Norman hall December 28th. They told us it was the *second* annual wholesale cut-up and made us sorry we didn't get to the other one.

There was dancing on Prof. Norman's slick new maple floor; whist for those



A CORNER of the trading store at a typical far Northern H.B.C. post of modern times. Every foot of space is valuable, so the ceiling is used for storage.

who abhor the trot and toddle; songs and vaudeville *de luxe*; an uproar that must have swayed the gilded boy on our Capitol dome; and miles on miles of smiles.

We thought the general manager seemed even happier than usual for seeing his "boys and girls" having got so much fun.

Mr. Calder was there too—thirty years younger—singing "Today is Mon - day. . ."

Saskatoon and Regina wholesale branches sent delegates (Messrs. Vandrick and Smith); Winnipeg retail, and stores administration, fur trade and publicity department constituencies were represented by Messrs. Ogston, McLean, Dodman, Woolison and Thomas respectively.

The cohorts of the candy factory, wholesale grocery, tobacco, drygoods, hardware, stationery, shipping and receiving departments were there to the last "man."

Some two hundred and fifty got their feet under the tables at the banquet and between bites sang like five hundred.

We have seldom felt so much at home at a big function of the kind. There's something significant in the way this frolic was planned and carried out—strikes us there's a mighty clever committee hiding its light under an Imperial Mixture tin.—*The Editor of The Beaver.*

Bananas, Bacon and a Brush

A POPULAR notion once obtained that a fish diet was of great influence in enlarging brain power. Science exploded that theory. On the contrary it has been shown that the phosphorus in fish is good for the joints. Fish may be said to be good for the brain in that they are easy to assimilate and therefore do not cause the withdrawal of blood from the brain to aid digestion.

Three things which physicians most recently represent to be good for the brain are bananas, bacon and brushes. Bananas—because of the energizing effect of their high sugar content and their other peculiar qualities which are said to feed the grey matter. Bacon—because it is claimed that pork excites the imagination. A well-known writer of successful stories confesses that his inspiration is partly due to pork chops. Then there's the brush. Nearly everybody scratches the head when there is a temporary holdup in brain action. Bringing the blood to the excited part is nature's stimulus to the grey matter. Hence it seems reasonable that the vigorous use of a stiff brush speeds up brain work.

For the tired business man this triumvirate of bananas, bacon and a brush may have some merit.

Bible Bees

By JOHN McMURRAY

BIBLE students and budding Bishops, attention! Can you give the book and chapter location of these gems of advice? Most of them are in the New Testament, but the Old Testament has not been overlooked.

Two dollars each is offered for the first three correct answers received. Contest closes April 1st, 1922.

1. Be ye holy in all manner of conversation.
2. Be courteous.
3. Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.
4. Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.
5. Be clothed with humility.
6. Be vigilant.
7. Be diligent.
8. Be patient.
9. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.
10. Be content with such things as ye have.
11. Be kindly affectioned one to another.
12. Be not wise in your own conceits.
13. Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.
14. Be not weary in well doing.
15. Be ye not mockers.
16. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.
17. Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Note—Competitors may be tempted to obtain a short cut to the solution by approaching their spiritual advisers. Clergymen personally acquainted with members of the Company's staff are, therefore, requested to politely, but firmly, refuse assistance, as the answers can easily be located in the time allotted (three months) and it would neutralize incentive to competitors to "search the Scriptures."

Girls Must Not Read This

If there's anything that worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know,
But you bet she will find it out some-how,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now I will bet two dimes to a quarter,
This poem she's already read,
For she's sure to find out some how—
If she has to stand on her head.

Robt. Watson Writes Another Winner

CANADA is closer to a literature of its own than it has ever been before. Among the best novels of 1921 by Canadian authors is "The Spoilers of the Valley," by Robert Watson, accountant at the H. B. C. Store, Vernon.

It is a British Columbia book, in which the Okanagan Valley lives and breathes under your very eyes.

Here is a romance of the Great Open, with the battles of brawn and the duel of wits in vivid action—a plot and mystery and counter-plot and the tenderest of love stories interlacing with threads of gold.

"The Spoilers of the Valley" is enjoying an excellent sale from coast to coast.

VERNON Store News

BEFORE leaving to take up his new duties as manager at Kamloops, Mr. Andrews was presented with a handsome leather travelling bag by the staff of the Vernon store.

Mr. Barnett, in making the presentation, wished him every success and referred to the good work done by Mr. Andrews and the esteem in which he was held by the staff in general.

We welcome Mr. Lanceley from Yorkton, who succeeds Mr. Andrews in charge of the dry goods and boot department. It must be pleasant for Mr. Lanceley, coming to a country at last where there is a *real climate*.

We are glad to see Miss Gladys Cridland back among us after her severe illness, but are sorry that Misses Phillis and Olive Ripley, Miss Thatcher, also Ed. Ripley, have been on the sick list.

A pleasant little social gathering—the first, we hope, of many—was held on Wednesday evening, December 28th, by the members of the staff of Vernon store, when a most enjoyable time was spent in music, dancing and cards. It was a real family gathering, and we hope a precursor of a permanent organization for the social welfare of the staff in general.

We extend the wish for a happy and prosperous 1922 to all employees of the Company, wherever situated.

KAMLOOPS Store News

A. E. DODMAN, manager of the Kamloops store, before leaving for Winnipeg was presented with a silver cigarette case by the officers and men of the 172nd Rocky Mountain Rangers, in which he held the rank of captain. The presentation was made by Col. Vicars of the regiment.

Mr. Andrews, late of the dry goods and shoe department in the Vernon store, commenced his duties as manager of the Kamloops store on December 5th.

Another promotion within the Company's service was that of A. E. Dodman, manager for the past three and a-half years of the Kamloops store and possessor of a long service medal, having been with the Company for the past twenty years. Mr. Dodman has been promoted to the Winnipeg head office. Mr. and Mrs. Dodman were presented with a case of cutlery by the employees of the Kamloops store. The presentation was made by Mr. Milne, of the dry goods department, assisted by our cashier, Miss Cozens.

Regina Branch News

E. Burkitt was delegated to visit an old employee, John Smythe, who is lying in Providence hospital, Moose Jaw, seriously ill, but fortunately recovering from a serious operation.

Mr. Outtrim, who has been several years with the Company, has ventured into business for himself at Horizon, Sask.

VICTORIA

Progress Our Watchword

SINCE the opening of the store several new departments have been added, and while only in their infancy the results already show the wisdom of these new ventures on the part of the management.

The new departments are candies, tobacco and stationery. Naturally, the candy department is the most popular; the candies, however, are not the only drawing card in this section, as the smiles are sweeter than the sweets—and customers are only asked to pay for the sweets.

Now, Then, You Bowlers!

RECENTLY I heard discussions on the H.B.C. Athletic Association (to be) and as one of the group was just sitting in as a good listener, I asked him what game he preferred to play.

He said lawn bowls. That set me thinking. Why not include a lawn bowling team in the new association? I imagine that many of the boys would like to boost and foster a good old game which is rather neglected at Victoria. A good crown green would be an acquisition to the city, where the weather is such that the game could be played nearly all the year.—R. S.

First Department Managers' Sale

THE Hudson's Bay Company's new store had the unique honor of holding the first department managers' sale ever launched by any store in Victoria.

One of the outstanding features of this sale was the enthusiasm which continued throughout each sale day, both by department managers and salespeople, which all tended to making the sale a success. The splendid response by the shopping public in general augurs well for future events of a similar nature.

It takes time—but we must all learn to creep before we walk—and at the present rate Victoria will soon be well in the running class with other Hudson's Bay Company's stores.—H. P.

The Porters

NOONTIME in the porters' dining room. Staff all present and conversation all on sport.

Some one says, "Well, we can make a team of hustlers at baseball, basketball or any old game that comes along. As for basketball, well, we challenge any team in the house if we get a little practice."

The spirit of those boys augurs well for the coming year.

The Chef and Staff of the already famous "Victorian" Restaurant.

Employees' Welfare Association

AT the time of going to press plans are well under way for the formation of an H.B.C. Victoria employees' welfare association. Committees have been elected and members are working enthusiastically in order to make the Victoria association one of the most successful in the Company's service.

What About a Yacht Club?

It was reported the other day that owing to the high tides and sailing facilities out at Garden City, the young ladies of the H.B.C. staff were thinking of forming a yacht club in connection with the H.B.C. Athletic Association. Wonder if it's true?—R. S.

Store Movie Theatre a Success

THE new picture theatre on the fourth floor was a source of huge delight to Victoria kiddies, and for that matter to Victoria parents as well.

Each afternoon saw crowded houses at the performances, while Santa Claus was kept busy listening to the requests of the youngsters. One contributor to *The Beaver* hopes that Santa will be able to supply the wants of the little boy who asked for a new baby brother!

Free Massage

A lady came into the glove department the other day; after fitting on five pairs of gloves she thanked the assistant for her courtesy and said she suffered from rheumatism. The doctor told her she had to have massage treatment.

VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER branch wishes all other H.B.C. stores and posts a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Department Managers' Sale a Success

By F. S. GARNER

HERE'S another instance where good merchandising and the correct publicity succeeded in getting exceptional results.

The sale opened with twenty-one windows ablaze with sale tickets and H. B. C. quality merchandise at reduced prices.

The opening announcement consisted of a four-page spread, crowded with exceptional values. An hour before store opening on the day of the sale great crowds were at every entrance. The sale started with a dollar day, and when 6 o'clock came a new sales record had been made. Then followed a series of miserable days as far as the weather was concerned, but when the result of the sales was known, we had met our quota and passed it considerably.

To keep up enthusiasm throughout the sale a prize was awarded to the department with the best showing in sales and profits. Mr. Dale, men's furnishing buyer, received the honors.

For the success of the event thousands of letters were dispatched to our mail order customers, asking them to take advantage of the sale, and offering free transportation to those living within a distance of 100 miles of Vancouver who purchased goods to the extent of $50 or over. Thousands of letters were also sent to people in Vancouver and suburbs. Cards were used for parcel inserts, telling of the best values for the next day's selling. A film was shown in ten moving picture theatres.

This big sale proved conclusively that Vancouver isn't "broke" yet, and that if the old store were made new, a much greater business could be done at this branch.

Suggestion Box

THE revival of the suggestion box for employees is a feature of this store today. A prize is awarded weekly to the person offering the best sug-

gestion. Some very valuable suggestions have been received, making the venture well worth while. It is an indication that employees are doing some thinking in the store and should prove of value as a guide to promotion.

Miss Standish Leaves to Wed

THERE was great excitement in the grocery department on Saturday evening, December 3rd, when the clerks gathered in Mr. Smith's office to wish Miss Standish (better known as Marie), who has been with us since the store opened, all good things on the occasion of her approaching marriage.

Mr. Smith presented her with a handsome silver tea set, on behalf of the grocery clerks, wishing her as great success at housekeeping as she had with the Company. On leaving the office Marie was greeted with a shower of rice and good wishes for her future happiness. Who's next?

The Store in Christmas Attire

IT happened overnight, but you wouldn't think so to look at it, for it looks better than the store ever did before. Green and red were the colorings and these were shown in a galaxy of beauty that was typical of the spirit of Christmas gift buying. The holiday atmosphere was everywhere apparent.

Information Wanted

THE associate editor for *The Beaver* in Vancouver retail wants to know:

1. Why employees don't send in contributions?
2. If you are content to see Vancouver out of *The Beaver* and Winnipeg and Calgary occupying two and three pages?
3. If you have less time to write than the associate editor has?
4. If you think the associate editor is paid for occupying this honored and unsatisfactory position, so that he has a right to do the work?
5. If you are satisfied with kicking rather than writing?
6. What he can do to awaken interest?

H.B. Football Men Rounding Into Form

THAT we have some real football stars was proven in the match with the Fraser Valley Milk team. The H. B. C. team had been defeated 2 to 0 by this aggregation the last time they met, but with better assurance at their backs, and the added field experience they went on the grounds determined to turn the tables. It was a fine day—a fine game; the team using its head was the winner. Right from the kick-off the H. B. C. team was the aggressor, and with everybody dribbling and passing, the H. B. C. team had the appearance of being old star veterans instead of a new aggregation this season—and as a proof of the saying that it's collective play that wins football, at half time the game stood 2 to 0 for the H. B. C. team. The second half started rather slowly but the boys soon got warmed up, and although they did no further scoring, the store team were masters of the situation till the end.

Our team is worthy of better support than they are getting. There's nothing like rooters to send the boys to victory.

Let's all back them up, and when they bring us the cup, we'll all feel we did our bit to help them. This is how they stand today:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
Spencers	6	6	0	0	25	2
Fraser Valley	7	3	3	1	8	12
Hudson's Bay	6	3	3	0	6	8
P. Burns	7	2	3	1	10	16
Stevensons	7	1	3	3	10	17
Shellys	7	2	5	0	12	16

H.B.C. Toytown Was True Santaland

By F. S. GARNER

IT is astonishing what a little brains, money and labour will do in the transforming of a great big barn of a furniture floor into a veritable haven of joy for the children and a money-making department for the Company. This has been amply demonstrated. Of course, our display manager was behind the transformation, and Mr. Crump was behind the toy selling—a combination that would be with difficulty excelled.

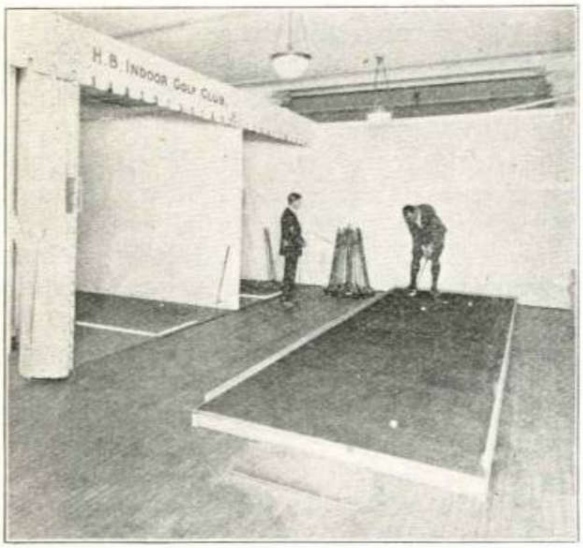
Santa Claus was late in arriving this year—he was busy making peace in the Big World, so he got here as late as

December 10th, and he came down the chimney right into Toytown, where he had the happiest reception in his history.

Vancouver branch believes in bringing the people into the store to see its Christmas merchandise, rather than taking them to the theatre to boost theatre returns.

Toytown occupied the entire sixth floor. Four elevators took the people right to it. It was a city in itself. Its wide streets were lined on both sides with specialty shops, which were uniform in architecture, having the fronts open so that the special toys displayed were easily examined. Every shop looked Christmassy and was in holiday attire. Large electric lights gave it a brightness that put one into the spirit of Christmas buying immediately upon entering. The toys had been well selected, and the new H. B. C. low prices in evidence everywhere gave it the finishing touch which spelled success for this interesting display.

CALGARY



H. B. C. Indoor Golf Club Popular

THE indoor golf club is in full swing on the fourth floor, having been opened about December 1st. This school is considered to be one of the most up-to-date of its kind in Canada; in fact it is said that the only one comparing favorably with it is located in Chicago.

The school contains, as the accompanying photograph will show, three divisions for driving and iron work and a putting green.

The school is in charge of A. E. Cruttenden as consulting secretary, with professional instructor, J. Munroe Hunter. The club is for use of members only and membership tickets are available at $2 each, with a 25c green fee charge for thirty minutes' play, consisting of nine holes. Season green fee tickets, however, are available at $10.

In a golfing community such as Calgary, this school is proving decidedly popular.

Staff Enjoy Holiday Shopping Festival

MANY of the staff, having expressed a desire to the stores committee that they be allowed a longer period for Christmas shopping, it was recommended that the store be turned over to the staff in order that they all could do their Christmas shopping at the one time. This the management agreed to, with the result that Wednesday, December 14th, was one of the most enjoyable days the staff have experienced for many Christmases past.

At one o'clock the store closed to the public and half the staff proceeded to the dining room, where an excellent dinner was provided at a very nominal cost.

Arrangements were made whereby each department halved its staff for this purpose. By 2.30 all the staff had passed through the dining room, and shopping commenced.

Half the staff shopped to 3 p.m. and the other half from 3 to 4.30. Special attractions were provided by every department of the store and employees were permitted to bring dependents to do Christmas shopping with them.

Fire in Old H. B. C. Building

OLDTIMERS of the Company will be interested in the accompanying photograph, which shows a fire in the old Hudson's Bay building, located on 8th avenue and Centre street, Calgary. This, as a great many will doubtless remember, was the home of the Hudson's Bay store for a great number of years, being relinquished when the present store was erected. It is occupied at the present time by the Royal bank and Woolworth's store. The store was completely gutted, but the building, as regards the exterior, does not appear to be completely damaged. The photograph was taken by Mr. H. Happs, of the store staff.

Calgary Curlers Mournful—No Ice

THERE are many sad things in life, but nothing sadder than the sight of fourteen enthusiastic rinks of curlers "rarin," to go, and no ice on which to "swoop her up!" As indicative of the depth to which the curling bug has penetrated here a certain enthusiastic skip was overheard during the dancing in the cafeteria on the night of the banquet, while guiding his partner through the crowd of dancers, to say "In-turn, out-turn." It is to be observed that he "shakes a wicked foot."

H.B.A.A.A. Merges With Employees' Welfare Association

DURING December the executive of the H.B.A.A.A. were busily engaged in plans to merge the association into the employees' welfare organization.

Committees were appointed to handle the various branches of the work and care was taken that every member of the staff should thoroughly understand the advantages of a welfare association for the store.

Constitution and by-laws were drawn up, nominations for board of directors were received, application forms were printed, and personal letters sent to individuals.

The membership drive was placed in charge of a membership committee, and at last report more than 530 members had been signed up.

Keen interest was displayed by the staff in electing a board of directors of fourteen to handle the affairs of the association. A list of thirty-three names was finally balloted on. It was decided that the first seven elected, having the largest number of votes, should serve two years, the other seven to serve one year. The following were elected:

R. W. Mason	*Lou Doll*
W. G. Cunningham	*G. H. Benson*
J. S. Smith	*J. A. Walsh*
L. A. McKellar	*Miss McKay*
J. B. Neal	*H. Jeffries*
F. R. Reeve	*Miss Patton*
A. D. Vair	*G. Salter*

The directors, at their first meeting, will elect officers from amongst their own number.

THE BANQUET

In connection with the plans for the welfare association a banquet was held November 13th. Staff and guests to the number of over six hundred sat down to dinner in the Elizabethan room with Mr. F. Sparling, honorary president of the association, in the chair.

Among the guests were ex-officers of the Hudson's Bay Company residing in Calgary, Mr. Edmund Taylor (with the Company from 1885 to 1907), Mr. J. G. Edgar (with the Company from 1897 to 1906), Mr. J. M. Baker

(with the Company from 1895 to 1915), Mr. P. J. Parker (with the Company from 1915 to 1918) as manager at Calgary.

Other prominent Calgary citizens at the banquet were Mayor Adams, the presidents of the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs; the president of the Board of Trade and the Rev. Dr. Johnston.

The dinner was heralded as the "First Annual Banquet of the Employees' Welfare Association," its object being the celebrating of Christmas, 1921, and the chairman in his remarks outlined the Hudson's Bay quality of Christmas spirit, and pointed out how the spirit of Christmas should be applicable, not only to the Christmas season, but the whole year round, its principle of good will and fellowship being for all the seasons of the year and not only phases of our every-day business life.

Much enthusiasm was displayed on the announcement of the Company's generous offer to "give dollar for dollar" with the employees to the employees' welfare association.

Personality in Business

THE following is an extract from a Saturday edition of the *Calgary Daily Herald:*

GRACE PRESBYTERIAN

Fifteenth Avenue and Ninth St. West
Rev. Dr. Johnston

11 a.m.—"The Acquirement of Personality."

The board of trade recently heard a notable address by Mr. Fletcher Sparling on "Personality a Factor in Success." Dr. Johnston's subject Sunday morning is a comment and continuation of that message.

The address referred to given by Mr. Sparling to the Board of Trade was his initial appearance and address to that body, and his message to the business men created so favorable an impression that it became a subject of a sermon on the following Sunday, as the extract above will show.

Mr. Sparling, in his speech to the Board of Trade, expressed the opinion that abnormal conditions of today were really conditions of the mind, and the sooner everyone thought right the sooner these conditions would improve. Mr. Sparling declared that several qualifications were necessary to make successful business men—Personality, Ability, Reliability and General Usefulness being the four prime features, and above all he laid stress on Personality.

It is necessary for the modern business man, he said, to have judgment, to have ability to arouse enthusiasm, create ambition in others, and all those things were possible through Personality.

Mr. Sparling also laid great stress on the willingness and desire the business man should have for co-operation with others. "A man's inclination to confer with his fellows is today regarded as one of the heights of sanity," he added.

He drew attention, also, to the conference at Washington as another effort to gain co-operation with nations of the world. And in conclusion Mr. Sparling laid great stress on the importance of proper value being placed on the verbal promise and written word of any business man. "Be just as careful to live up to the spoken word as the written promise," he remarked. Mr. Sparling spoke to the largest attendance of the Board of Trade this season, and was heartily congratulated by Mr. Bruce Robinson, the president, who very cordially thanked Mr. Sparling for his address.

The Skin

THE functions of the skin may be tabulated as follows:

Main heat-regulating agency of the body.

Envelope, protecting underlying tissues from microbes.

Organ for appreciation of touch, heat, cold and pain.

Excretes fatty substances through the sebaceous glands which may harbour microbes and decompose.

Excretes water and carbon dioxide through the sweat glands.

The mere recital of these important functions proves the vital necessity of maintaining the skin in a state of scrupulous cleanliness.

HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY.

First Lunch Hound—"Well, old strawberry, howsa boy? I just had a plate of oxtail soup and feel bully."

Second Counter Fiend—"Nothing to it, old watermelon. I just had a plate of hash and feel like everything."

LETHBRIDGE

AN out-of-season photograph of a merry group of H.B.C. Lethbridge employees, reminiscent of the "good old summertime."

Store News

THE Lethbridge curling club can boast only one rink, but they openly challenge any rink from the other stores. We do not get much ice, so make arrangements early. Our star curlers are Messrs. Scott, Young, Burns and Walton.

Mrs. Mars' father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Kissock, of North Battleford, spent a few days with her *en route* to the States, where they have gone to spend the winter.

Just imagine a man being connected with local theatricals as leader and after putting in almost every night for a whole month, imposing upon the Lethbridge public only one evening. On the second evening the rest, or at least several, of his supporters had disappeared and some of the audience have been indisposed ever since. Who knows him?

Mrs. Richards was back again for the ready-to-wear helping with the Christmas rush.

Mr. Sangster, the advertising manager, has had more trouble with his leg, which took him to the Galt hospital. We are glad to see his pleasing personality back with us, if it is only for a little while at a time.

Mr. Upton, of the Calgary store, is our new manager of the grocery department. His wife and little son accompanied him to Lethbridge, where they have taken apartments in the Sheppard block.

Mr. Young recently received a letter from Mrs. Young, who is in Scotland on her holidays. The report comes that she has been sick. Mr. Young has been visiting the doctor too. The saying that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" must be true. We imagine that the trouble is heart sickness.

The local H. B. C. cribbage artists have had several entertaining outings so far this winter at the homes of Messrs. Young, Thompson and Scott. They are looking for a fourth expert to form a quorum. Who plays cribbage?

Mr. Burns, shoe department, was wondering what to buy for Christmas presents. It has been suggested that he help stack up the receipts of the grocery and other departments. Housekeeping does not look far away.

The store put on a general Christmas air all through the various departments. The beautiful windows, with the help of toyland, made Christmas business a winner. When it comes to dressing Kewpies, Miss Perry cannot be excelled. By the way, Miss Perry comes from England and not Paris, but Paris could go farther than Lethbridge and not find so artful a little designer.

Mr. Fair, general manager for over two years and a half of the Lethbridge store, has taken up duties with the Company in the Montreal Buying Agency, and we all join in wishing him success in his promotion. At Mr. Fair's departure, the staff presented him with a club bag.

Is It Any Wonder?

A MAN was one day visiting a lunatic asylum, and while walking in the grounds he met a patient, to whom he said:

"Well, how did you get here?"

The man replied:

"Well, sir, you see I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter, and that made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my stepson. Then my stepmother, the daughter of my wife, had a son and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter, and therefore her grandson, and that made me grandfather of my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son, is also his grandmother because he is her stepson's child; my father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife; I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my stepgrandmother; I am my mother's brother-in-law; my wife is her own child's aunt; my son is my father's nephew; and I am my own grandfather.

"That's why I am here, sir!"

EDMONTON

Retail Store Notes

Miss Opal Jobe, of the toilet goods section, has returned after a two weeks' absence in order to undergo an operation on her throat.

Miss Doherty, department manager of the gloves and hosiery, is also back after a week or so of sickness; also Mr. MacLeod, of the groceteria, and Mr. Roberts, of the wall paper department, both of whom were indisposed for a few days with the old-time enemy, "flu."

Sympathy is extended by the entire staff to Mr. Pallet, department manager of the fancy goods, on his recent sad bereavement.

Mr. Fisher, of the men's shoe department, is wearing a perpetual smile these days, the cause being the recent arrival of a daughter.

Miss Larson, who was recently removed to the isolation hospital, from latest reports is doing splendidly and we hope for her complete recovery.

Mr. Smith, of the stock rooms, is once more on the job after a week or two of sickness, looking none the worse.

Mrs. McKenna, our store nurse, was taken sick a few days before Christmas but we hope that she will soon be with us again as her services are much needed

Attracting Future H. B. C. Customers

IT'S safe to say that never before have such crowds of children and parents participated in welcoming Santa from his long sojourn in the North back to Edmonton and Toyland at the H.B.C. store.

The reception was held at the Empress theatre, where three shows to packed houses were given. No less than 3500 children were given tickets to this event. It was there that Santa told the kiddies that he had again decided to make his headquarters in Edmonton at the Hudson's Bay and issued a special invitation to all assembled to visit him at any time up to Christmas in order to tell him their wants.

It's needless to say Santa's invitation was immediately responded to, for the store was literally jammed tight until the store closed.

Santa also gave out lucky buttons which were numbered. Anyone finding another person wearing a button with the same number received one dollar in cash.

The Edmonton store believes in attracting the children whenever occasion arises for publicity and advertising purposes, for are not the children our future customers—and there are over

at the present time.

twelve thousand of them in Edmonton.

H.B.C. Hockey Team Away to a Good Start

THE first match to be played this season in the city league took place at the south side rink, before a large crowd of enthusiastic fans, and although overtime was played the score ended a draw.

The match was between the south side and the Hudson's Bay Company's team.

The H.B.C. team was practically the same as last year, with the exception of one or two new additions which will strengthen the line-up materially and we feel confident of securing the silverware this season.

The teams which lined up were as follows:

Southside—Morris, goal; McGregor, defence; Corrigan, defence; Smith, defence; Singleton, forward; Sibbetts, forward; Burnett, forward; McLeod, forward.

H. B. C. — D. Howey, goal; Carmichael, defence; Ferris, defence; Stephens, defence; Coleman, forward; Baker, forward; J. Howey, forward; Zimmerman, forward.

Referee—Burley.

H. J. Roberts is managing the Hudson's Bay team this season while H. J. Perrier is proving a very efficient trainer. Under their supervision we can look for a successful hockey season.

Christmas Decorations Original

NEVER had the interior decorations or window displays been more elaborate or artistic. Every floor—every department—every section—came in for its just share of Christmas cheer.

The second floor was arranged in the form of a carnival street with booths displaying gifts from every quarter of the globe. It was the original intention to have the salesladies dressed in the costumes of the various countries in which the merchandise originated, but this was found impracticable.

We are indebted to Mr. C. Digney, display manager, and his competent staff of assistants for these beautiful interior decorations, which added very materially to the popularity of the H.B.C. store as the shopping centre

Amusement Association Concert

THE first of a series of concerts was held by the A. and A. A. of the Edmonton store December 8th and proved a very enjoyable event. The remarkable talent displayed by members of the staff was a revelation. The concert was held in the "Hudsonia" and a large number of the employees and their friends was present. The programme arranged by Mr. P. A. Stone, president of the association, was as follows:

Piano Solo—"Poet and Peasant"..Miss Doris Macleod
Song—"Absent"....Miss Gladys Cuff
Impersonations—Barnyard Imitations..Mr. R. Jones
Song—"Happy Days"....Miss W. E. Crowther
(Violin Obligato by C. S. Stapells)
Comic Song—"Bachelors"....Mr. Bert Crockett
Song—"Song of the Bow"....Mr. C. S. Digney
Violin Solo—Selected....Mr. C. S. Stapells
(Accompanied by Mrs. Stapells)
Song—"Evening Brings Rest and You"..T.A. Crockett
Song—"Mountain Lovers"....Mrs. Slark
Song—"The Floral Dance"....Mr. R. L. Bateman
Duet—Tenor and Baritone....Messrs. Crockett and C. Digney
Song—"Three for Jack"....Mr. Mason
Male Chorus—(1) "The Long Day Closes"
(2) "Rolling Down to Rio"....
All Saints' Pro-Cathedral Male Chorus
Male Quartette—"Allan Water"....
All Saints' Pro-Cathedral Male Quartette
Accompanist—Miss Doris Macleod

God Save the King

Don't Mind Criticism—Be "Somebody"

By J. PREST
Asscciate Editor

NO matter what a man's ideals may be, criticism is an asset. Those who can raise themselves by force of character or idealism to the forefront of public criticism are worthy of admiration. Their views may not be in co-ordination with those of their fellowmen or women, but the mere fact that their viewpoints and standard of ethics are criticized and commented upon are sufficient proof that individualism counts for much these days.

Never mind being criticised, whether right or wrong. Your opinions are in the limelight anyway, and your convictions are true, so far as your own heart dictates. No truer words could be quoted than those of our

for Edmonton gift seekers.

store nurse:

"*Know nothing—do nothing and be nothing*—and you'll never be criticised."

There are a few individuals in the Edmonton store who are from time to time criticised for various reasons, but let me say right now, is there anybody in this big store who could hold any office of prominence and by exerting their own individuality and convictions, come through the tumultuous seas of criticism unscathed?

Fellow employees of H.B.C.—think this over.

WINNIPEG

Land Department News

We Are Jolly Well Trying

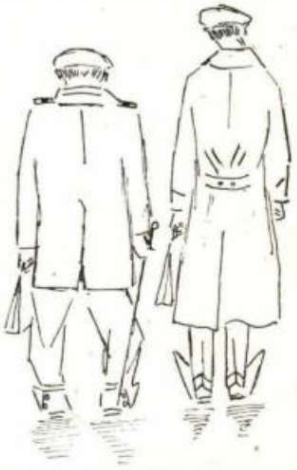
By A LADY CURLER

HOOT, MON! The lady members of the land department staff are curling this winter. Evidently the menfolk thought that as we were naturally well up in the art of sweeping we would be an asset to the league. It was on a hot day last July they persuaded us to try the game. Winter is here and we have tried. Some of us "wimmen" are still in the "trying stage."

Last winter we heard a man say, "You know they thought I could play so well they made me 'lead'." The girls are in the same class; they are all "leading ladies."

Although we have just started playing we think it a most interesting game and the friendly rivalry of the rinks lends a little zest, as every rink tries to win.

The most formidable thing I see about the game is the "hog line." It would appear that some of our rocks have a positive aversion to it, for no matter how much they "swoop 'er up" they still object to coming near it, and the skip, with a shake of his head, is forced to send them off the ice. Before the end of the season we hope we



The Major and Tom are in town for the winter

Beautifying Lower Fort Garry

By B. EVERITT, *Associate Editor*

THOSE who have visited Lower Fort Garry, with its beautiful surroundings, will have been impressed with the orderly and attractive condition of the buildings and grounds, and with the excellent character and preservation of the old buildings and walls.

The Fort for a number of years has been leased to the Motor Country Club, who have taken very great interest in the property and have assisted materially towards increasing its attractiveness by planting flowers and maintaining the small golf course.

The Company has recently spent a considerable sum of money in repairs and renovations to the main buildings, out-buildings and walls. It will be a matter of interest to all visiting the

shall be such expert curlers that the men will not regret their invitation to us to come in on the game.

Fort, and who are familiar with the place and its beautiful environment, that the Motor Country Club is to extend the golf course next summer,

increasing it to a nine-hole course, the Company having given permission for the additional area necessary to be brushed and cleared so that the fairways and greens may be prepared. The new strip of land which is to be developed is intersected by a ravine which will, in itself, form a natural hazard affecting several of the new holes.

The property is dotted with attractive oak trees leading down to the Red river. A certain number of the trees will be preserved so that the beauty of the course may not be, in any way, impaired.

This development of the Company's property in the vicinity of Lower Fort Garry will, no doubt, be of as much interest to Manitobans as the development of a new golf course on the Company's property in Oak Bay, Victoria, is to residents of Victoria.

The staff of the land department are sorry to have lost the services of Miss Edna McCreary, who was called East to Smiths Falls, Ontario, on account of the serious illness of her uncle. Miss McCreary has decided to stay at Smiths Falls.

J. R. McIntosh, H.B.C. land agent for Edmonton, spent a week in Winnipeg last month conferring with the land commissioner regarding the Company's extensive holdings in the Edmonton district.

Retail Store Notes

Social Activities

MR. HUGHES has enthusiastically stepped into the breach in social activities made by the departure of Mr. Ogden for Lethbridge. He announces preparations are well under way for an event of great *eclat* slated to take place the 11th of January—our annual H.B.C. masquerade dance at the Fort Garry. Now, everybody get busy preparing your best costumes, whether

Happy New Year to Everybody

LET'S all resolve to make 1922 a bigger and better year in every way. There's lots of room for better methods—more "pep" and optimism—the smile that helps to lighten the load—courtesy one to another—consideration of the other fellow's viewpoint—opportunities of doing our "bits" conscientiously and so oiling the wheels of the organization that things will run smoothly and pleasantly throughout the whole year.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES

for Mr. Ogston—Continued Optimism
for Mr. Gilkerson—A Record-breaking January Sale
for Mr. Hughes—Less Overhead
for Mr. Whalley—A Car
for Mr. Beggs—A Buyer for His
for Mr. Drennan—The Reeveship of St. Charles
for Mr. Pearin—30 Degrees Below Weather
for the Drivers—30 Degrees Above Weather
for Mr. Leckie—A Permanent Home
for Fred Parker—The Prize for Good Fellowship
for Mr. Dunbar—Less Shoes
for Mr. Reith—More News for *The Beaver*
for Miss O'Grady—A Set of Golf Clubs
for Mr. Diamond—Lots of "Sparkle"
for Miss Smith—Good Health
for Mr. Atkins—More Wealth
for Mr. Jones—Prize Winning "Spuds"
for Mr. Davidson—More Sleep
for Mr. Kauffman—A Supply of "Imperial Mixture"
for Mr. Fuller—More Moderation League Candidates
for Miss Livingstone—More Memberships in the "Better Citizens' League of Manitoba."
for All of Us—News that the New Store on the Avenue will soon be built.

Just Before Christmas

THE store was a hive of industry the last ten days or so before Christmas with all hands busy supplying the multitude of needs incident to holiday preparations. Unusually mild weather was probably the cause of many people holding off purchasing; but the last week before Christmas was an especially busy one in every department.

Displays of an artistic nature—prettily decorated booths, holly festoons

character, funny or just as you are. Come and help make the night of "the 11th" a memorable one in H.B.C. social circles.

and colored lights everywhere went far towards creating the proper holiday atmosphere.

As usual, two nights, December 13 and 14, were set aside for employees'

Christmas shopping with special discount in force ranging from 20%, 33⅓% to 50% in force throughout the whole store.

That the privilege was appreciated in full was proven by the very gratifying sales made each evening.

Overheard at the Postoffice

AN H.B.C. postal clerk, remarking to a friend on the number of customers who expected to have the stamps put on their Christmas parcels for them, met with this retort: "Well, you know the Hudson's Bay was at one time famous for its good lickers" (liquors).

November is to be Punctuality Month in the Store
Ask your department manager about this contest & what the Prizes are!
WATCH THE DAILY SCORE - WILL YOUR GROUP WIN?
RULES FOR PUNCTUALITY CONTEST
YOUR GROUP CAN STILL WIN IF YOU ALL WORK FOR IT!
HOW DO YOU Stand?
TO DATE
The Group with the Largest Percentage 'Wins'
Lots of Time Yet!

Score Board for Punctuality Contest.

Punctuality Contest Winners

A MERRY party of forty-odd employees were entertained at the Orpheum theatre the night of December 15th. These were the lucky winners in the recent punctuality contest. Mr. Ogston and Mr. Hughes were on hand to see that all had a good time. Tickets were also provided for the wives of married men to accompany them. Evidently somebody in charge of arrangements knew what "devils" these married chaps are when let out for a night. All reported spending a happy evening and wish to express through

Group 7 came second with 5.564 and Group 9 third, with 5.439.

All those with perfect scores for the month, regardless of the group they were in, will be given a half-holiday during January. There are 218 entitled to this reward.

The contest was a distinct success and will bear repeating if in future the necessity arises.

GROUP 1 (WINNERS)
Delivery
Men's Furnishings
Men's Clothing
Men's Clothing Workroom

GROUP 2
Millinery
Millinery Workroom
Restaurant
Adjustment Bureau
General

GROUP 3
Grocery
Porters and Cleaners
Elevator Operators

Curling

TWO rinks from the store recently had the distinction of playing through to the semi-finals of the "McFeat Trophy," an open event for organizations having the Terminal rink as their curling headquarters. Skips G. Bowdler and A. Mills upheld H.B.C. prestige. George Bowdler gained notable victories over two well-known experts in the persons of Messrs. Lowe and McConklin before being beaten in the semi-finals by Skip Portigal, another Terminal expert. Mr. Mills was defeated after a hard tussle with Skip Bancroft, previously defeating Creelman. H.B.C. wholesale had two teams entered in this event and acquitted themselves creditably also.

RETAIL CURLING RESULTS
(*Up to Christmas*)

Skip	Won	Lost
A. Mills	3	1
Ogston	2	2
Healy	2	2
Scott	2	2
Bowdler	2	2

these columns their hearty appreciation of the kindness extended them by the management.

Group 3, the winners, established a record for punctuality which was well-nigh perfect! Their score was 5.779.

Interest in the competition is very keen and the decision quite close in most instances. With four teams bunched for second place it is scarcely possible to forecast the winner.

WHOLESALE-DEPOT

Appropriate New Year Gifts

C. W. Veysey—One thousand good wishes and an early opening of the golf season.

T. Ross—One sheet of clear keen ice, one good draw after another, three strong sweepers; and complete victory over his opponents.

A. Brock—Just one decisive victory over my opponent—T. Ross.

J. Lyon—

"Give me the girl with the laughing smile,
The girl with the saucy curl,
The girl with the feet that are trim and neat,
Or the magazine cover girl;
Give me the girl with the light blue eye
The girl with the Grecian nose;
You can give me the girl, but you've got to supply
Somebody to pay for her clothes."

The Girls—In answer to this prayer we are still praying on bended knees for Mr. (Joe) Lyon to skip our rink.

The Standing of the Rinks

WITH sixteen rinks in action, Winnipeg wholesale has started out on a season of curling that gives promise of great things—a season that beats all records of recent years for an early start, which has put the devotees of the "besom and stane" in a happy frame of mind. Curling occupies the centre of the sport stage at the wholesale. Every manager and employee takes an interest in the pastime, and there is no class distinction when they meet on the ice.

Below is the standing of rinks from date of opening, Nov. 23rd, 1921, to Dec. 16th, 1921, inclusive:

Skip	Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Nairn	4	4	0	.1000
Edmonds	4	3	1	.750
Ritchie	4	3	1	.750
Brock	3	2	1	.666
Poitras	3	2	1	.666
Seaborn	5	3	2	.600
Ross	5	3	2	.600
Phelan	4	2	2	.500
McMicken	4	2	2	.500
Thompson, A.	4	2	2	.500
Veysey	3	1	2	.333
Snider	3	0	3	.000
Kinsman	4	0	4	.000
Swan	4	0	4	.000

THE girls also are showing a very

The H. B. C. Wholesale Depot Staff extend to all comrades in the service here and abroad sincere wishes for a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Congratulations to Saskatoon branch on organizing a curling club. We note they will accept challenges from any of the Company's rinks in the West. Mr. Vandrick evidently overlooked the H. B. C. wholesale, Winnipeg.

We hear a certain young lady in our office has lost her heart to a wealthy young traveller in the flour business. Is she bent on getting some dough?

J. P. Smyth (traveller) is welcome back again after a severe illness.

Geo. Mitchell, city delivery department, is showing signs of feeling mighty important for the past few weeks, over the arrival of his first born, a boy.

F. May (Fred) is back on our staff again after being on Regina M. O. staff for some time. He reports Winnipeg a very dry spot, but says it seems like old times to be with the girls again.

J. Lyon left for Victoria, B. C., on Dec. 10th for two weeks, to spend his Christmas and New Year's vacation.

The deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Genevieve Sauve, of our candy factory, on the death of her father.

H. B. C. St. John's Ambulance

THE final examination took place on Nov. 17th, when the several candidates were put through the supreme test by Dr. John H. R. Bond, and it is very gratifying to report that all passed with a high percentage.

Instructor Sgt. Major E. W. Campbell before the final examination said the class was one of the best he had ever taught. The following were the candidates:

keen interest in curling. The following shows their standing from Nov. 23rd to Dec. 16th, 1921, inclusive:

Skip	Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Thomas, Miss....	2	2	0	.1000
Woodrow, Miss..	1	1	0	.1000
Smeaton, Miss E.	2	1	1	.500
Hatfield, Miss....	2	0	2	.000

H. W. Brewer

A. H. Brotheridge	W. N. Pearson	W. Phelan
J. Courtney	F. Tibbs	H. Garner
P. Ould	M. MacDonald	A. Bruce
G. Eddington	H. Pitts	C. Skimmings
M. Snider	A. Murray	A. Thompson
R. Findlay	J. T. Pocock	H. Wells.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

CHAPTER X

My First Winter in the Service

TO resume my narrative. After the usual hauling, rowing and pulling, we had arrived within some three miles of Mountain House, when we were met by a body of about a hundred Blackfeet bucks on horseback, notice of our approach having been taken on ahead by scouts. As many of the horsemen as could manage to do so soon had their lassos tied to my boat, and they then proceeded to tow us on our way, much to the disgust of the old steersman, for these wild young bucks cared little whether the tow lines were long or short, the water deep or shallow. Consequently the boat leaked a good deal when we landed, from having been rough hauled by horse power over stones or whatever else came in the way.

This was my first personal introduction to the Blackfoot nation, and to my first post, in which I was supposed to be lord and master of all I surveyed, besides a good deal of what was out of range of vision. Here was I, the youngest clerk in the district, and in charge of one of the most important, and at that time certainly one of the most hazardous, posts in the country!

We landed on the 28th of October, 1854, and all that I had wished for had fallen my way. I had seen and shot Buffalo, had beheld the Cree warriors, and now I was a power among the enemies of that redoubtable race, the noted Blackfeet.

When we had landed, the Indian chief was called forward and presented with a quantity of tobacco for his braves to smoke. He was then asked to take his Indians immediately retired, and during that day and the following, although they were camped within one hundred yards of us, not a single one intruded nearer the post until apprised that we were ready for them.

The post was surrounded by the usual twenty-eight-foot pickets with a block bastion at each corner and a gallery running all round inside about four and a half feet from the top, each bastion containing a supply of flint locks and ammunition. Within was a square formed by the officers' houses, men's houses, storehouses and the general trading shops, a square between this and the pickets for boat building, with forges and carpenter shops, another square for horses and a fourth for general purposes. There were two gates, the main gate on the north side, a smaller one on the south side leading through a narrow passage into a long hall the height of the stockade.

In this hall were received the Indians amid much speech making. The calumet was passed around and two glasses of rum of medium strength was given to each Indian. They were then turned out and the gates closed upon them, the only means of communication being through two portholes about twenty inches square leading into a small block house, through which the trade in fur was conducted.

Dried and pounded meat, cakes and bladders of grease, buffalo hides, dressed leather, wolf skins and other things were taken in exchange for buffalo guns, powder and shot. To the Plains Indians, the buffalo meant food, clothing and shelter. His thick hide made

smoke. He was then asked to take his band to their own camp until we had got the fort in order. It had been abandoned since the Spring and we required leisure to settle down, to put the stockades and other things in shape, ready for the re-opening of the trade. The

warm coverings, clothing, tepees and boats. His flesh was as flavoury as fine beef. From his bones and horns they made weapons, spoons and other articles of utility. In the lining from his stomach they cooked their meals.

Buffalo hunting was therefore a basic

industry with the Blackfeet, and the European gun which replaced the native bow and arrow enabled the hunter to kill more buffalo.

Made beavers were the currency of this country—dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings and pence were unheard of.

A horse was worth about twenty M. B.; a good robe, two M. B.; one hide dressed, one M. B.; one parflech full of fine fatdried buffalo ribs and bosses weighing about forty pounds, one M. B.; a wolf skin, one half M. B.; red fox, one M. B.; cross fox, two M .B.; silver or black fox, five M. B.; five pieces of grease, one M.B.; (no attention was paid to weights anywhere below twenty to twenty-five pounds); one fat buffalo cow cut up and put on stage, one half M. B.; eight buffalo tongues, one M. B.

The Prairie Indians bought scarcely any dry goods, as they dressed in leather. Ammunition was valued at ten balls, one M. B.; one-quarter pound of gunpowder, one M. B.

One and a half foot Canadian roll tobacco was sold for one M. B.; one-fifth of a pound of vermilion mixed with flour, twelve M. B.; one bunch of seed heads, one M. B.; one scalping knife, one M.B.; one country-made axe, small size, two M. B.; larger size, four M. B.

These were all the articles, excepting copper kettles, that the Plains Indians wanted; but we kept a few so-called chiefs' dresses. These were cast-off red-coat suits of the soldiers, supplemented by a tall stovepipe hat with a bunch of still taller feathers attached.

It was a common thing for an Indian to give a good buffalo runner (horse) for such a dress, in which he strutted around until he ran short of trading stuff. Then he sold the pants, next the waistcoat, then the coat, till at length he was stalking about in the hat and feathers, a pair of moccasins and a breechcloth, the latter garment generally having lost its hold in front from the belt, trailing along behind like a long tail. Last of all, the hat and feathers went, and the full suit was back in store ready for another performance.

The winter of '54-'55 passed filled with novelty for me, whose first it was in the country. Sometimes out for buffalo meat with horses and flat sleds, sometimes shooting prairie chicken, of which there were hundreds in every direction, with a visit to Edmonton at Christmas time. We did not find that first winter long. I have put in many a longer one since.

The Christmas trip proved rather a hard experience. We left the Mountain House with one train of dogs to carry our bedding, and with only sufficient grub to take us to Gull lake, which is some distance southwest from Pigeon lake, where a cache of provisions had been made.

Our party consisted of a Scotch half-breed, a Scotchman, a French-Canadian and myself. The half-breed, the only member of the party who had ever passed over that route, was guide. All went well as far as the cache, but on reaching the spot we found it had been destroyed by wolves. Though out of grub, we determined to proceed, relying on such prairie chicken and rabbits as we might shoot, should we not fall in with Indians.

We camped at Gull lake, leaving before daylight next morning, when a high wind arose, followed by a regular blizzard. Presently I noticed that we had left the old horse trail and so told the guide, but he said he knew the country and that we were all right, so on we went.

The blizzard lasted three days, and goodness knows where we wandered during that period. On the fourth day it cleared, but by that time the snow was very deep, the dogs almost played out, and we little better, so refusing to follow our guide any longer, I took the lead myself. I shot an owl and a prairie chicken that day, which helped us a bit, and next day I shot a rabbit; but from there on to Edmonton we had nothing.

We succeeded in reaching that post about ten o'clock p. m. of the seventh day from Gull lake, having struck the Mud river about half a mile above where it falls into the Saskatchewan a little above Edmonton. We remained here about eight or ten days to recover from our trip, enjoying Hudson's Bay hospitality. At the end of that time we left with six horse sleds loaded with extra supplies needed for our trade. On our arrival home we found a bunch of Blood and Piegan Indians in the midst of a big spree, and all the gates were locked.

It took all hands, when the gates were opened for us, to keep the Indians out, and before I succeeded in getting into the fort I was well painted up and smeared with grease and vermilion from the handshaking and kissing I had undergone from the drunken rascals.

We remained at Mountain House until open water in the spring, when the furs, provisions, etc., were packed, the boats loaded with everything and the post vacated for the summer.

I had had six boats built which, with the two I took up, made quite a brigade. And so, the ice being gone, we set forth one morning in the early spring with our first season's returns, down stream for Edmonton.

We had secured in trade about two thousand five hundred buffalo robes, some thousands of pounds of dried meat and grease, over three hundred buffalo tongues which we had salted and smoked, and some six hundred wolf skins, besides other furs. The horses, about two hundred in number, most of which we had taken in trade during the Winter, were sent overland.

Going down, we never camped twice consecutively on the same side of the river, and preferred, when possible, an island, as a precaution against a sudden raid from some strong war party of Indians, a thing which was likely enough to happen now at any time. We arrived at Edmonton safely in due time.

(To be continued)

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory
Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

"JUST as you say," said the ex-constable. He reached for the new pack of cards which Miner was shoving towards him and in doing so he, quite by accident, so it seemed, knocked over a pile of chips belonging to the man of colour, several of which fell to the floor and rolled to the corners of the room. With a string of oaths their owner fell upon his knees to recover them. When they were at last all right, five cards lay on the table before each of the men.

At once there was a flaming of distrust in the breed's rat-like eyes. He turned and looked long and narrowly at the dealer and for a moment it seemed as if he were about to dispute the deal; in fact he did utter a low exclamation that sounded like the beginning of a protest, but hastily checked himself, and gathered up his cards. That he suspicioned something of the truth there was no doubt, but that it was only a suspicion which he dare not voice was evidenced by his silence.

The dealer appeared to notice neither the man's stare nor his exclamation, or at any rate he overlooked them both, at least, for the time, and called out merrily: "There you are, boys; everybody's got 'openers'."

"Nix here!" contradicted the engineer, who had the first "shout" and after looking his cards over he threw them down.

Alec MacDonald, whose turn came next, did not speak for some moments. He was staring with distended eyes at the cards in his shaking hands. I think his heart lost a beat or two.

"She's open for the limit," he said at last, in a voice tremulous with suppressed excitement; adding with trembling fingers the necessary amount to the kitty.

After the discard Alec, with a hysterical sort of burst of laughter, began the betting.

Miner, who *apparently* played for the fun of the thing, made his bets without excitement and laughed good-naturedly when these were raised with grim fierceness by his left-hand neighbour the surly half-breed, and again by Alec when it came his turn to speak, and presently he threw his cards face downwards on the table. "That finishes me," he said. "You fellows can go to it."

And "go to it" they did. The cards were stacked, of course, but Alec was unconcious of that and with a view of winning a good deal of money while he held good cards, he played with more feverish excitement than ever.

After a few rounds it appeared as if the ex-constable, who displayed the stoney-faced indifference of the confirmed gambler, intended to follow his host's example and drop out. But of course this was a mere ruse and when next it came to his turn, he suddenly woke up, as it were, and took a hand in the betting.

At which the half-breed hesitated. He looked at his little pile of chips for several seconds in silence.

"What are you doing, old timer," asked Miner turning to him.

"I'm out," said the fellow waspishly, throwing down his cards in disgust, and adding some words under his breath. Then he puffed at his cigar with so much rage and violence that the smoke formed a regular cloud about him and entirely concealed him.

The game was now left between Alec and the ex-constable, and the betting came fast and furious.

"Oh, damn it," protested the breed after this had gone on for some minutes and neither of the gamesters showed any sign of giving up, "take off the 'lid' why don't ye."

"Nothing doing," declared Miner promptly. "The 'limit' sticks in this house; besides it wouldn't be fair to the boy." With that he leaned toward Alec, who gave him a peep at his cards.

"Stay with it," whispered the man. Alec nodded and giggled like a nervous girl.

The game went on. The engineer having nothing else to do got hilariously drunk.

"Hold on!" broke in Miner at last. "We can't wait on you fellows all night. Something has got to be done." Turning to the ex-member of the force, he asked: "You've got your limit on the table?"

The addressed nodded.

"Very well, then," continued Miner, "what do you say if the kid here puts up enough to cover it and you make it a show down?"

The fellow hesitated as if thinking the matter over.

"All right," he said at last, "I'm agreeable. What do you say?" he asked, looking enquiringly at Alec, who nodded, while trying to choke his heart back into its place and trying to be calm.

At this his opponent smiled—surely with triumph.

"Jolly good fellows," interpolated the bibulous knight of the transit, getting the words out with a gallant effort. "What shay, jus' one more? Wheresh bottle?"

The ex-policeman counted his wad. "Fifty johnny-o-goblins," he declared it.

Bill reached for the money and in a brisk, business-like manner ran it over: "O K," he said, throwing the bills into the kitty. "Now, how many chips have you got there, kid?" he asked, turning to Alec, who was vainly attempting to count them, but his excited brain refused to perform its function. It seemed to him that his nerves had snapped all at once. He did not recognise the sound of his own voice when he said: "I do not know." Often in after life he tried to recall distinctly the events of that night but in vain.

Perceiving his young friend's fearfully excited condition, Miner took the chips from him. "Let me do it," he told him. Swiftly he counted them. "Fifteen dollars," he announced after a few minutes, pushing the stack of chips toward the centre of the table. "And, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven fives," said Miner, peeling off the bills from a wad he had produced from somewhere, and dropping each separate bill in the centre as he counted it, "are thirty-five, making fifty in all."

"Right O!" Alec's opponent shouted.

"But, wait a minute," warned Miner, hastily scribbling an I O U for thirty-five dollars and presenting it to Alec for signature. "May as well be business-like," he decided.

With fingers that trembled and threatened to drop the pencil, the excited young man scrawled his name. That the I O U was for a larger amount than usual, mattered not at all. It was only a temporary loan. He would win, there could be no doubt of that.

"That's all hunky-dory," declared Miner, folding the paper and putting it into his pocket for safe keeping. "Now proceed!"

"What have you got?" enquired the ex-constable.

"Four aces!" Alec told him triumphantly, and he threw his cards face upwards upon the table with a burst of wild laughter.

"What were we doing in the game?" said Miner to the breed, who was watching him with a peculiar smile on his lips.

The intoxicated engineer pursed his lips and made an attempt at a long whistle and stared at Alec's cards in a most owlish manner. "Whatsh ye got?" he demanded, turning his lack-lustre eyes on Alec's opponent.

For answer that worthy calmly and deliberately laid down his cards one at a time. Miner leaned forward and called them as they appeared: "Ten, six, eight, nine, and seven of diamonds."

"A flush!" screamed Alec, and reached for the pot.

"Hold on!" warned the other player.

The young fellow's hand stopped mid-way. He stared first at the speaker and then at that individual's cards. Yes, there they lay—a flush in diamonds, there was no possibility of mistake about that. Yet, stay, the fellow was doing something with them, changing their position it seemed. Alec leaned forward with eyes rivited upon the shifting pieces of pasteboard—six-seven-eight-nine-ten.

"Holy smoke!" shouted Miner, "A straight flush! Good Lord!"

"Ah!" said the breed, with an indrawn breath, like one does when something that one has been anticipating suddenly happens.

Alec's heart sank. He had lost after all. The thing seemed incredible, altogether unbelievable. He was sobered in a moment and the sudden sensation which was then given him first sickened him, then created a violent desire on his part to get away, but for the moment he was too stunned for action. A long sigh escaped his lips.

"Hard luck, young fellow!" grinned his late opponent as he calmly raked in the pile of money and chips.

The words came to the distressed young man's ears as words from a distance; the walls began to go round and the floor to rise. Somehow,

Somehow, trembling, he struggled to his feet.

trembling, he struggled to his feet. For a long minute he stood blinking like one bewildered, then spoke "good-night" to his host, with some incoherence, and, wheeling suddenly, caught up his hat and coat and staggered from the cabin, banging the door behind him.

"Hullo!" the befuddled engineer called after him, his words interrupted and made almost unintelligible by a hiccough, "Wheresh—ye—hic—goin'—we—re having—hic—b—big—timesh—gen—elmen—all—hic."

He was very drunk.

Outside, Alec paused. In a moment the frost nipped at him. He got into his coat, shaking with cold.

"What a cursed fool I have been," he said—the remark has been made by other men in their day, but seldom with greater emphasis.

Just then the sound of gutteral voices, followed by loud laughter, came from the cabin. A bitter, scornful smile, which welled up from the bottom of his heart, curled his lip; and his brain was suffused with the idea: "What was I doing in such company," and muttering a curse the wretched young man pressed his hat down over his ears and strode in the direction of the post.

As he strode forward the intense cold revived him and he tried to discipline his mind to a calm and steady consideration of his position. "I'm a fool!" he muttered to himself. "This sort of thing must stop. I'm getting further and further into debt. Good God! To what is this accursed drink and gambling bringing me? It must stop —it *must*. Then another consideration burst like lightning upon him and he felt his blood grow cold within him and his heart to shrink and quail and sicken. How was he going to redeem those I O U's? He could not draw on the Company for anything like the amount required without arousing the accountant's suspicions and having the circumstances communicated to his father. He must devise some other plan to raise the wind. Meanwhile the fellow must wait. But would he? Then he had a queer feeling of approaching evil. He remembered the solemn warning Rogers had given him of his friendship with Miner and the danger there was of this man getting him into trouble. Supposing Miner were to take the papers to the Chief Factor and ask for payment! His father would be furious. It would come to his mother's ears. His lips quivered and he uttered a groan. He loved his mother as much as such a nature can love; the only being of whom he spoke with reverence was his mother; when he spoke of her a soft light stole over his countenance and altered the whole expression of his features.

When he reached the post, he glanced up at his parent's window and saw a faint light was burning in her room. He thought of the trick he had played her and his lips quivered once more. Evidently there was in him for the moment an overmastering impulse of remorse. "I will lead a better life," he said, in a low and resolute voice.

It will be necessary to leave the wretched young man with his good intentions, which we hope the wind will not scatter as soon as they have left his lips, and return once more to our friends in the cabin.

(To be continued.)

A New Year Resolution

However much many people scoff at NEW YEAR Resolutions it is an undisputed fact that almost everyone feels that they should RESOLVE to do, in the coming year, that which they have overlooked in the year just gone.

Riches are fleeting and investments are uncertain, therefore we should RESOLVE upon a CERTAINTY that will ASSURE the support and safeguard of OUR DEAR ONES, which can only be ASSURED through LIFE INSURANCE.

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